MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS™

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THE TIME MACHINE

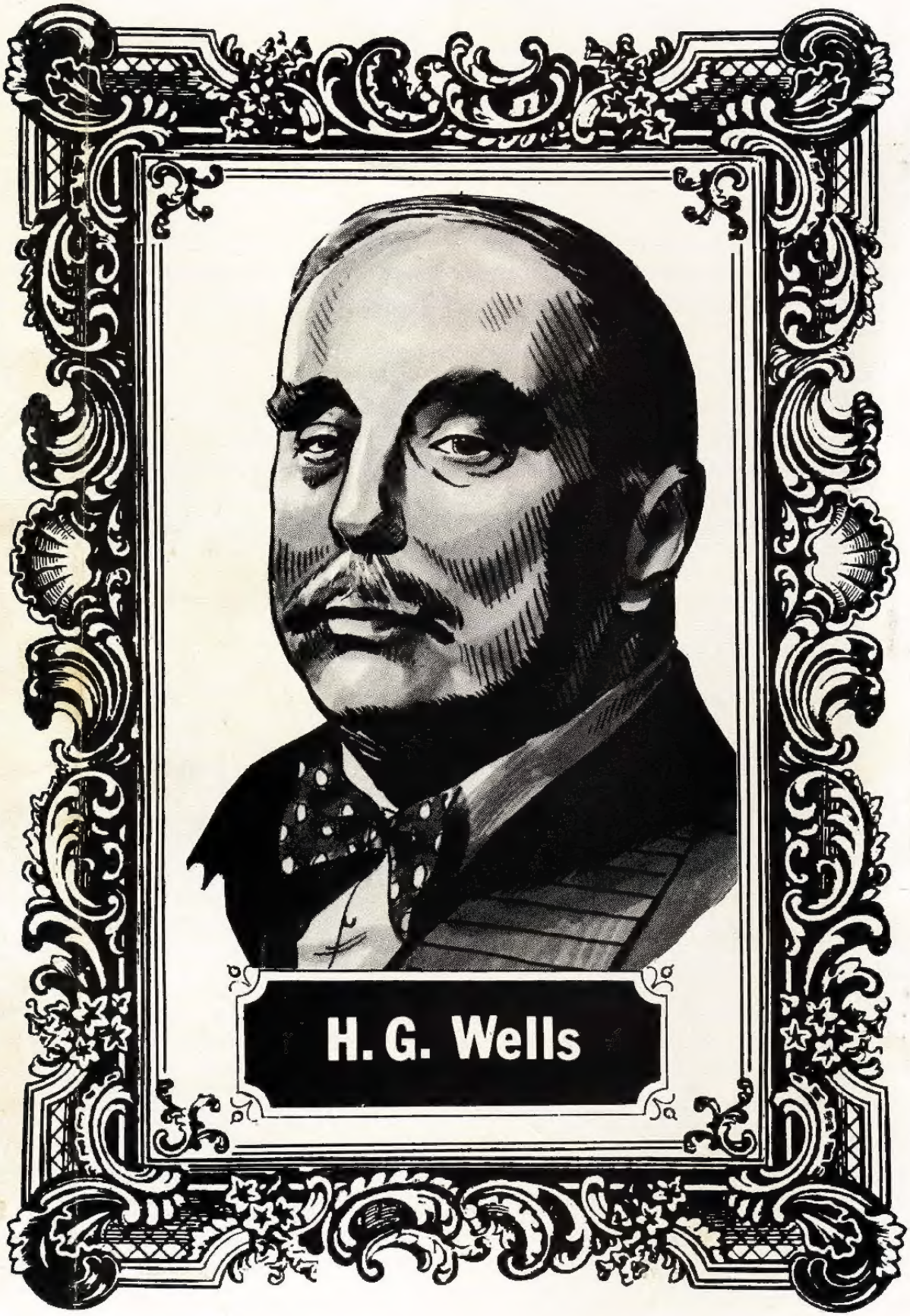
MARVEL CLASSICS COMICS

THE TIME MACHINE

ADAPTED FROM THE CLASSIC NOVEL BY H. G. WELLS

™

52 FULL PGS NO ADS


H. G. Wells

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

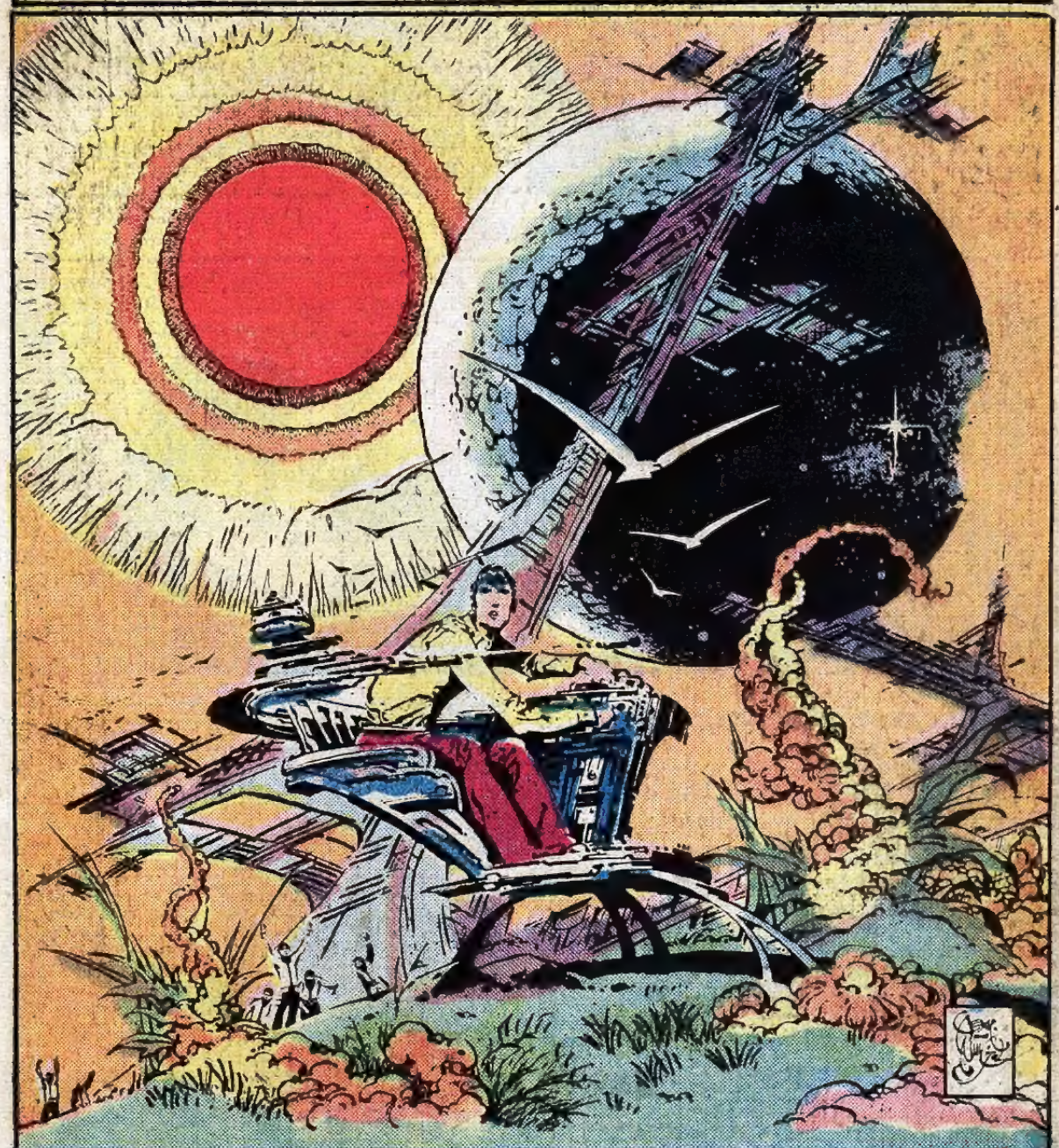
H.G. WELLS

THE TIME MACHINE

Adapted by
OTTO BINDER

Illustrated by
ALEX NINO

a
VINCENT FAGO
production



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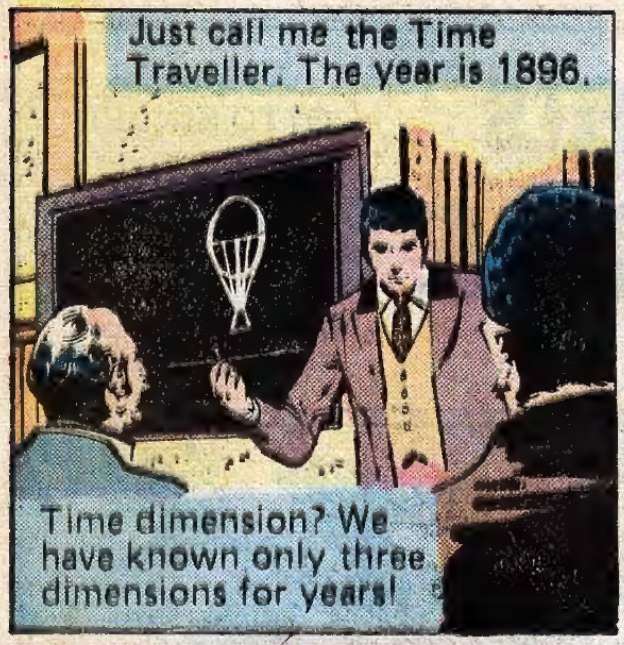
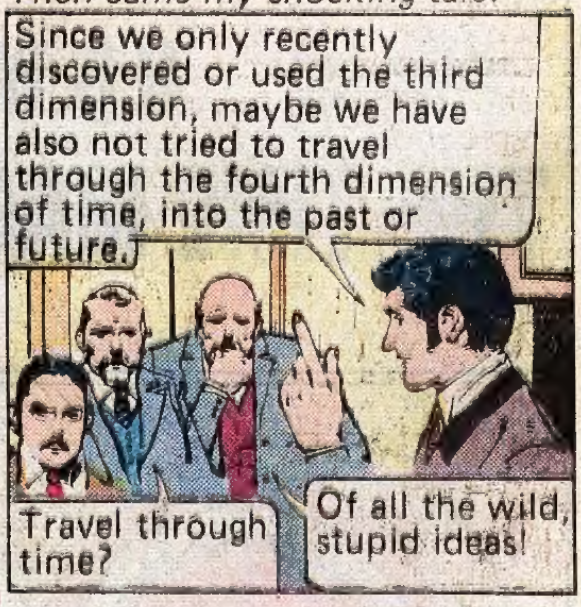
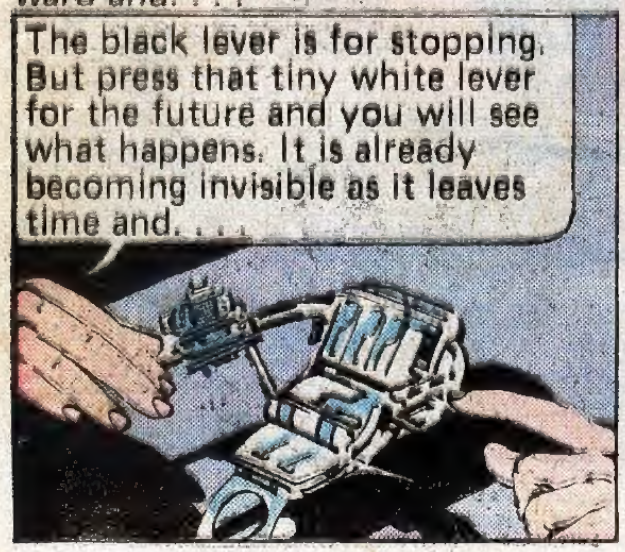


Then came my shocking tale.

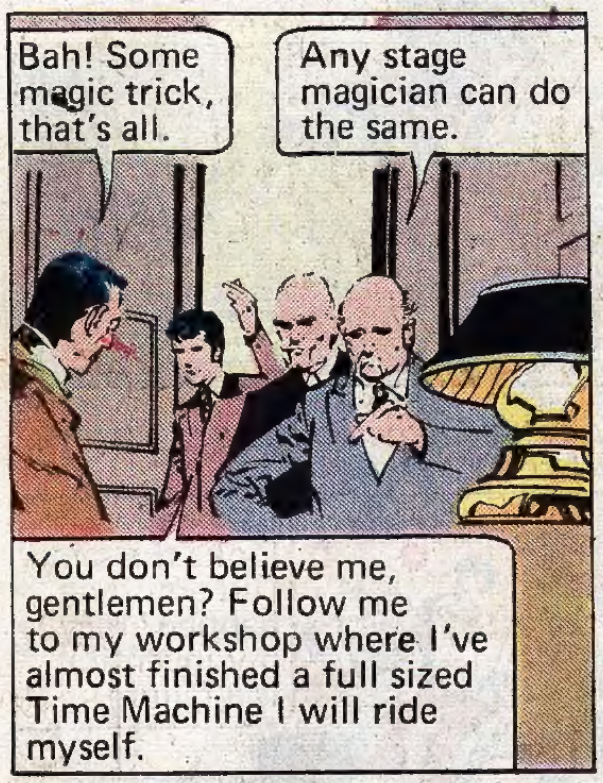

Since we only recently discovered or used the third dimension, maybe we have also not tried to travel through the fourth dimension of time, into the past or future.
Travel through time?
Of all the wild, stupid ideas!

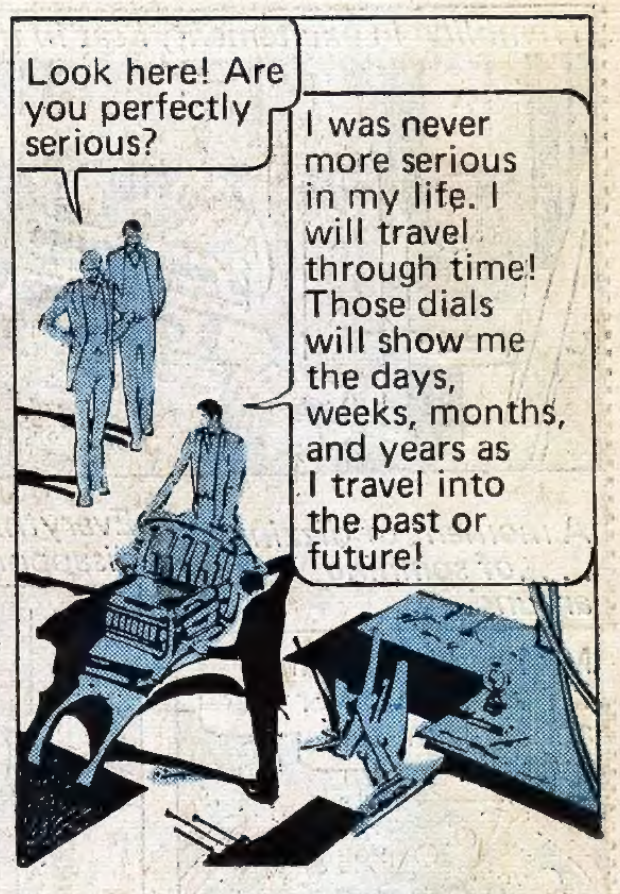
But I was prepared to back up my idea.

I asked one of them to come forward and. . . .


The black lever is for stopping. But press that tiny white lever for the future and you will see what happens. It is already becoming invisible as it leaves time and. . . .

I wasn't surprised when they didn't seem to believe it.


Bah! Some magic trick, that's all.
Any stage magician can do the same.
You don't believe me, gentlemen? Follow me to my workshop where I've almost finished a full sized Time Machine I will ride myself.


Look here! Are you perfectly serious?
I was never more serious in my life. I will travel through time! Those dials will show me the days, weeks, months, and years as I travel into the past or future!

I knew they wouldn't believe me but I invited them to return in one week.

The next morning, I busily tuned up the machine, oiled it carefully, and set the dials for zero. But I must say I was worried.

Even though the model disappeared, how do I know it really followed the time dimension into the future. Well, I'll soon find out!

Trembling in excitement, I sat in the machine.

As a trial, I'll just pull the future lever a short ways.

A moment of dizziness ....of spinning around....

My head is spinning! I'll turn the other dial and stop myself quickly.

Everything straightened out, but I was disappointed.

Everything looks the same. Did anything happen? Maybe my invention is a failure?

Wait! The clock shows almost 3:30! It was about 10:00 a moment ago!

Then I did travel into the future for. . .five and a half hours! All so quickly. It works!

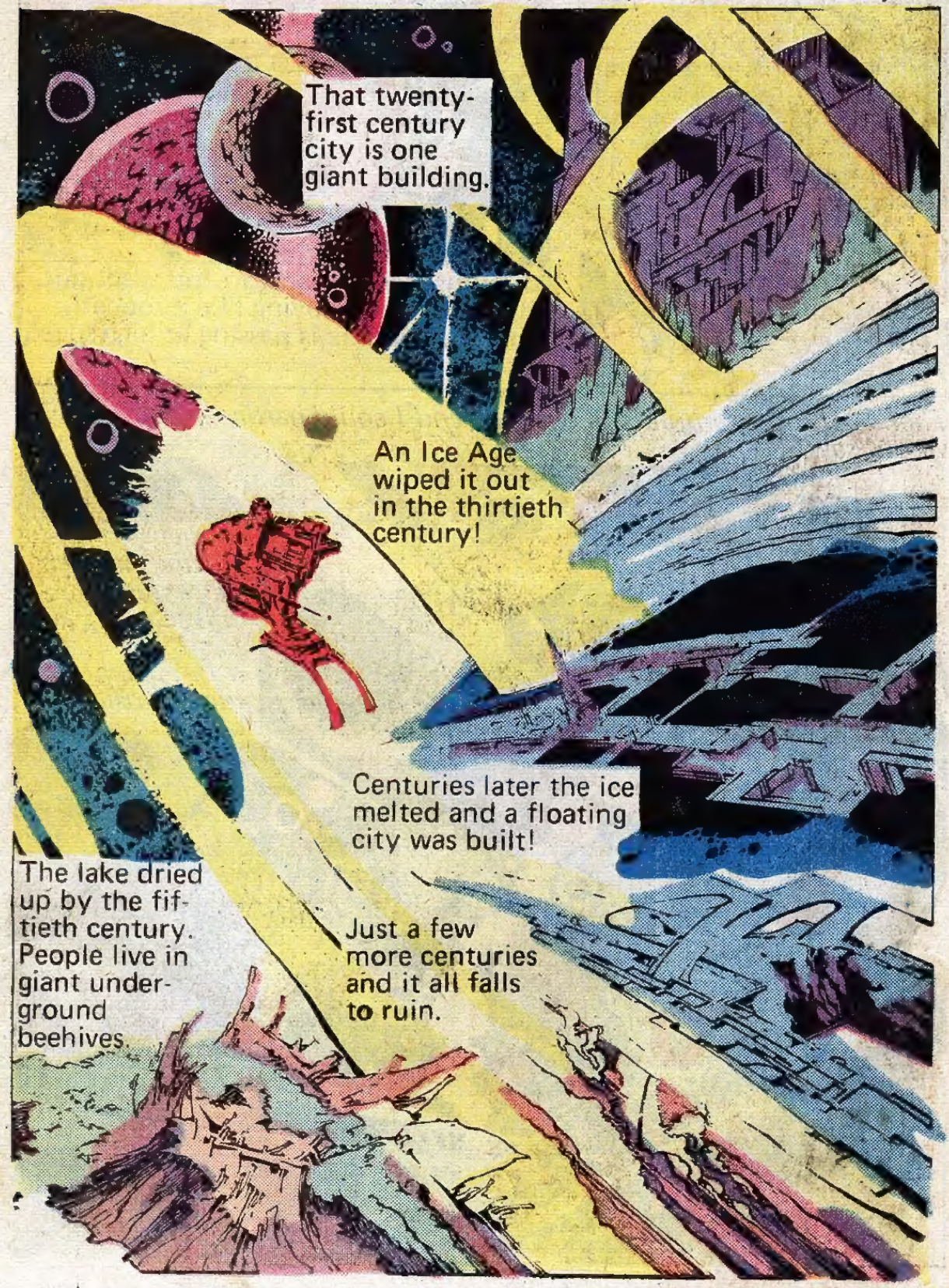
Eagerly, I turned the future dial again for a longer trip, and I saw a strange thing happen!

My housekeeper came in and went out the back door, moving like a rocket! That means time is passing at high speed for me!

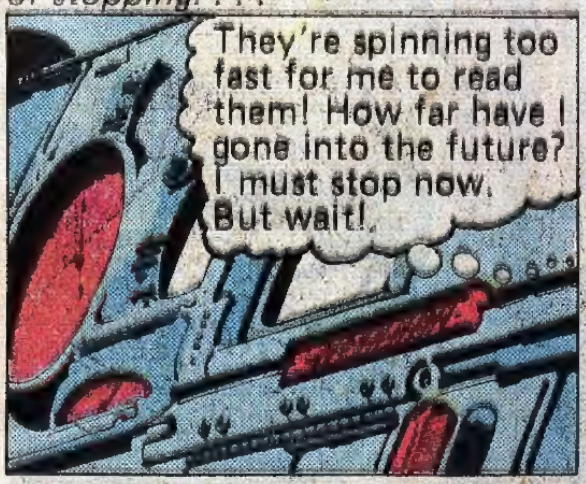
Then everything around me changed, and I could hardly believe what I saw.

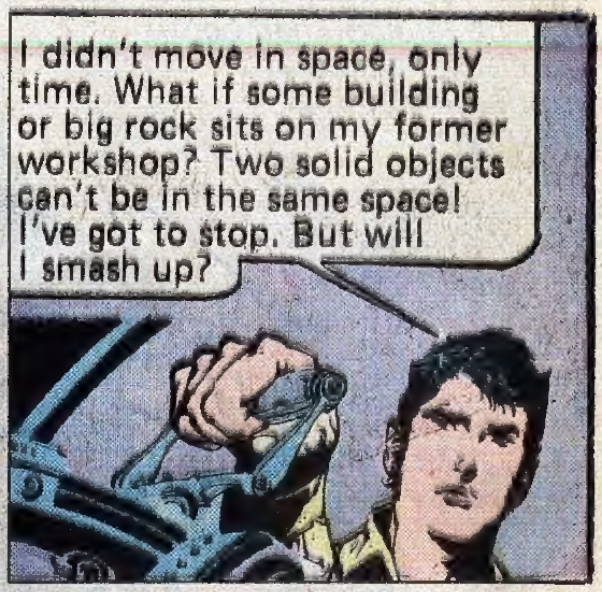
Heavens! It's like moving through a strange universe. It's all so strange. . .as if I'm being turned inside-out.

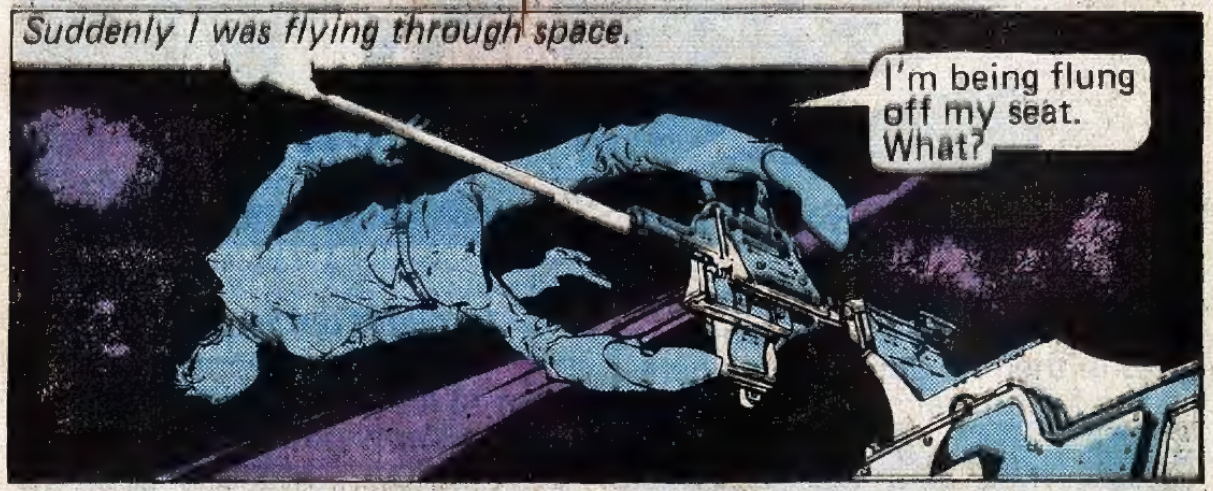
How could I ever tell about all the great cities of the future I saw so quickly, each better than the last? But there were also terrible happenings as the calendar went far beyond my nineteenth century.

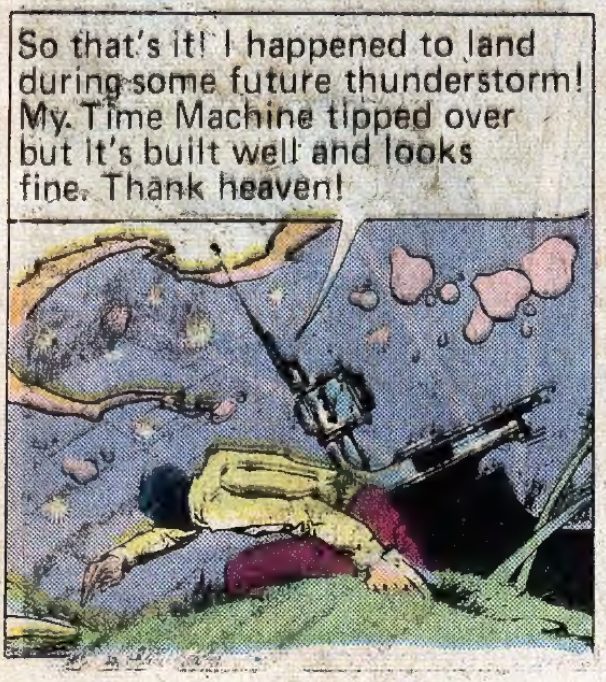

That twenty-first century city is one giant building.
An Ice Age wiped it out in the thirtieth century!
Centuries later the ice melted and a floating city was built!
The lake dried up by the fiftieth century. People live in giant underground beehives.
Just a few more centuries and it all falls to ruin.

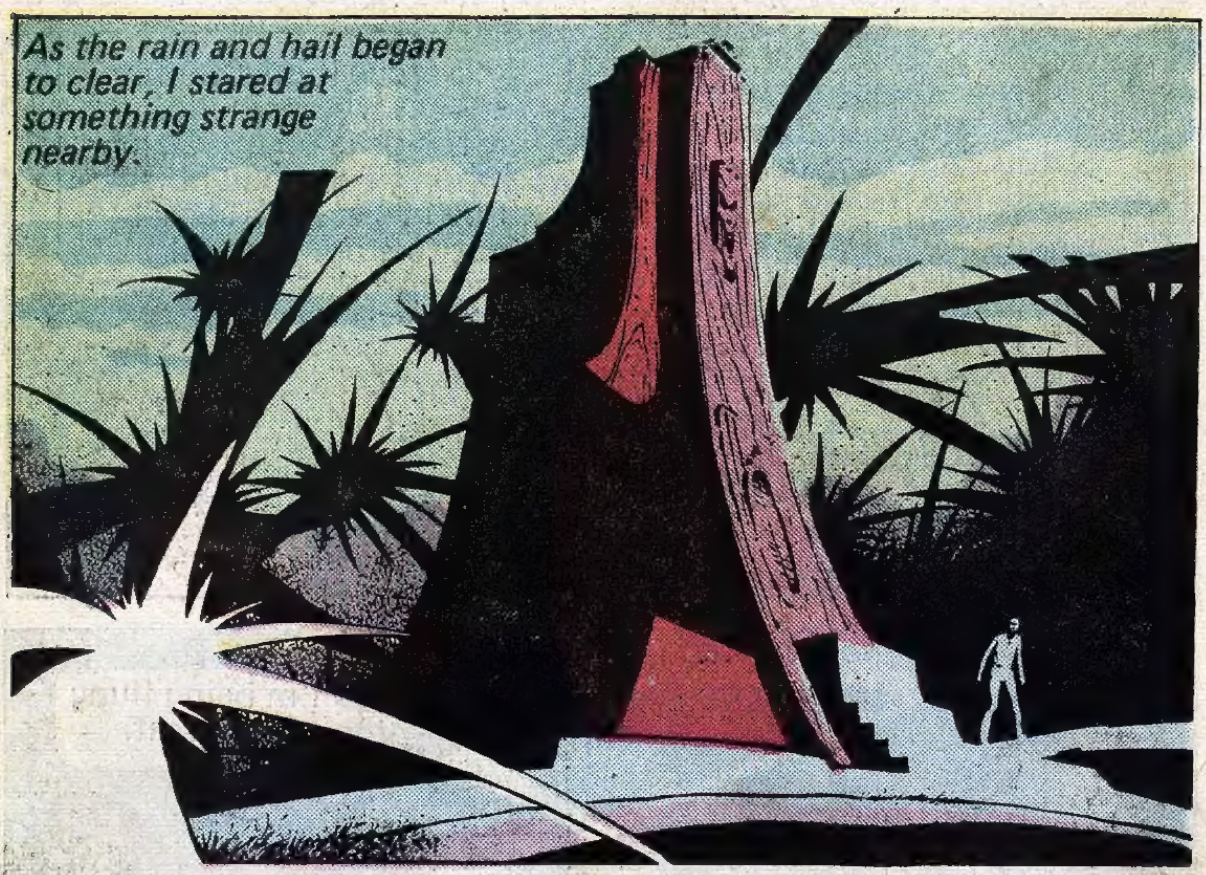
In my "sight-seeing" tour of the future, I forgot my time dials and when I thought of stopping. . . .




I didn't move in space, only time. What if some building or big rock sits on my former workshop? Two solid objects can't be in the same space! I've got to stop. But will I smash up?




So that's it! I happened to land during some future thunderstorm! My Time Machine tipped over but it's built well and looks fine. Thank heaven!



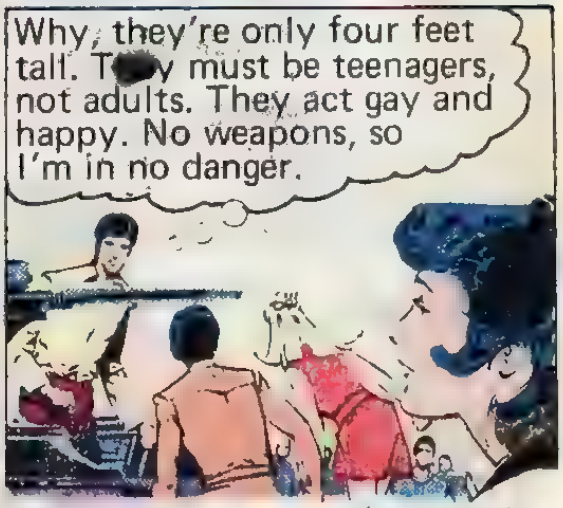
Yes, fear took hold of me at this strange changing scene! I ran to my Time Machine, and. . . .

. . . .turned it upright.

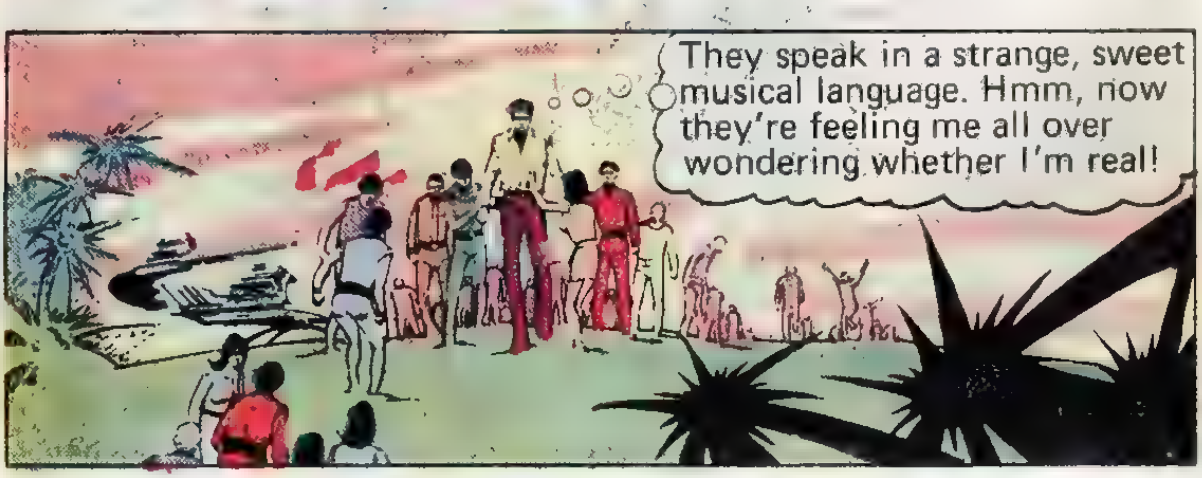
It was then I looked at the dial readings and received the shock of my life!

Great heavens! I had gone much further into the future than I planned, more than eight hundred thousand years! It's the year 802,701 A.D.

But I stopped for a moment when I heard strange musical voices.

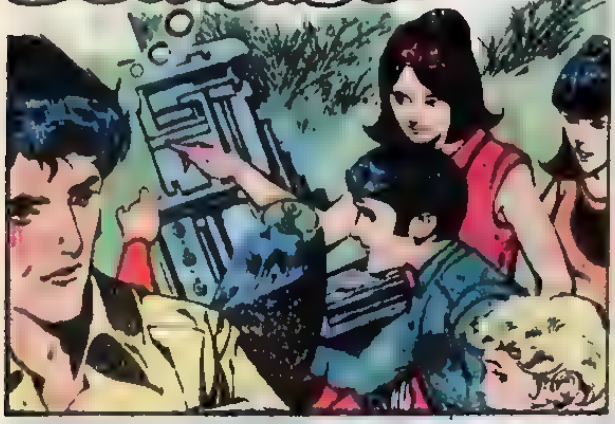


And at sight of these friendly creatures, I suddenly lost my fears and took my hands from the controls.



But I made a sudden motion to warn them when I saw their little hands feeling the Time Machine.

I had better remove the two control dials so that they can't accidently make it work and leave me stranded here!



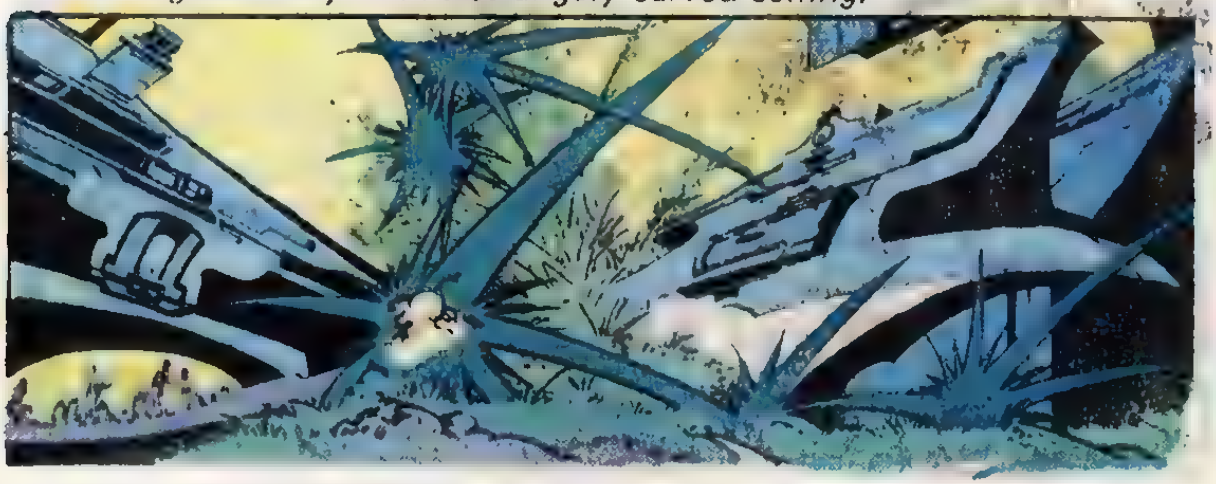
Then I carefully looked at their faces more closely.

They're as pretty as Dresden* dolls, both the boys and girls.

But then they were all running to and fro for flowers, and cheerfully throwing them upon me until I was almost covered with blossoms.

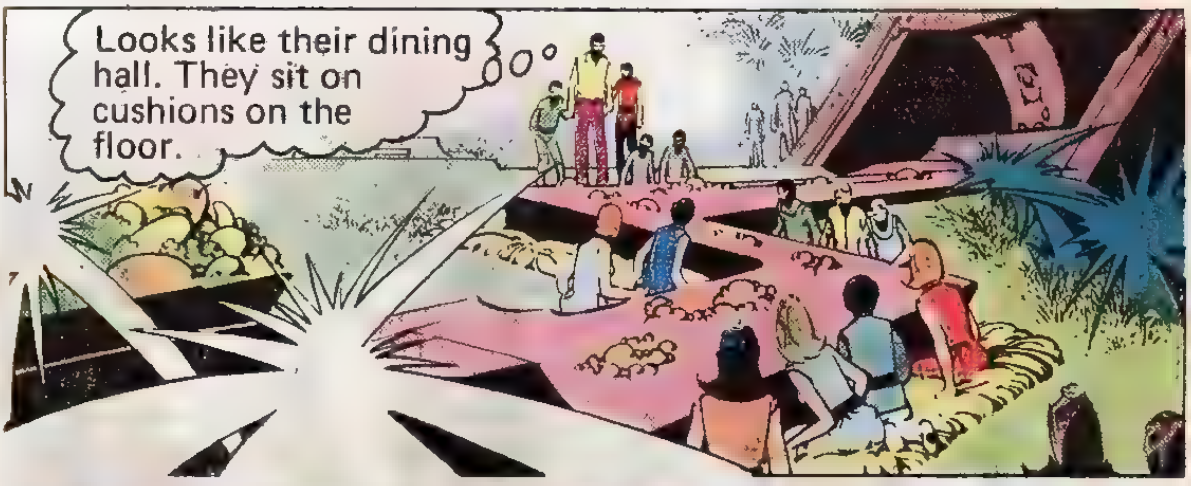
They are just like children. They change from game to game at a moment's notice.

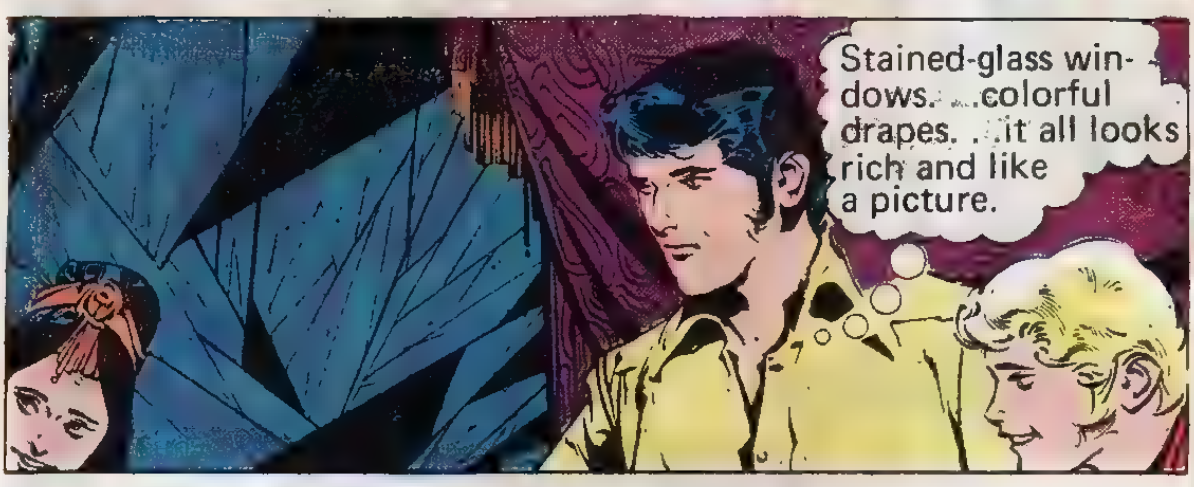
And they next led me to a large grey building of rough stone, and into a large hallway with a strangely carved ceiling.



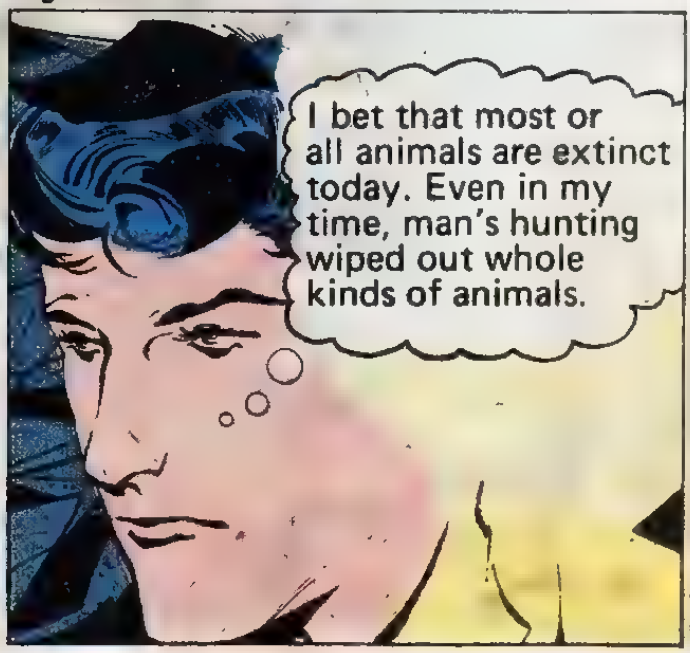
* a time when the sun is blocked from sight

The big doorway opened into a big hall, filled with long, low, stone tables on which rested big bowls of fruit.





I tried to figure out why they were vegetarians.

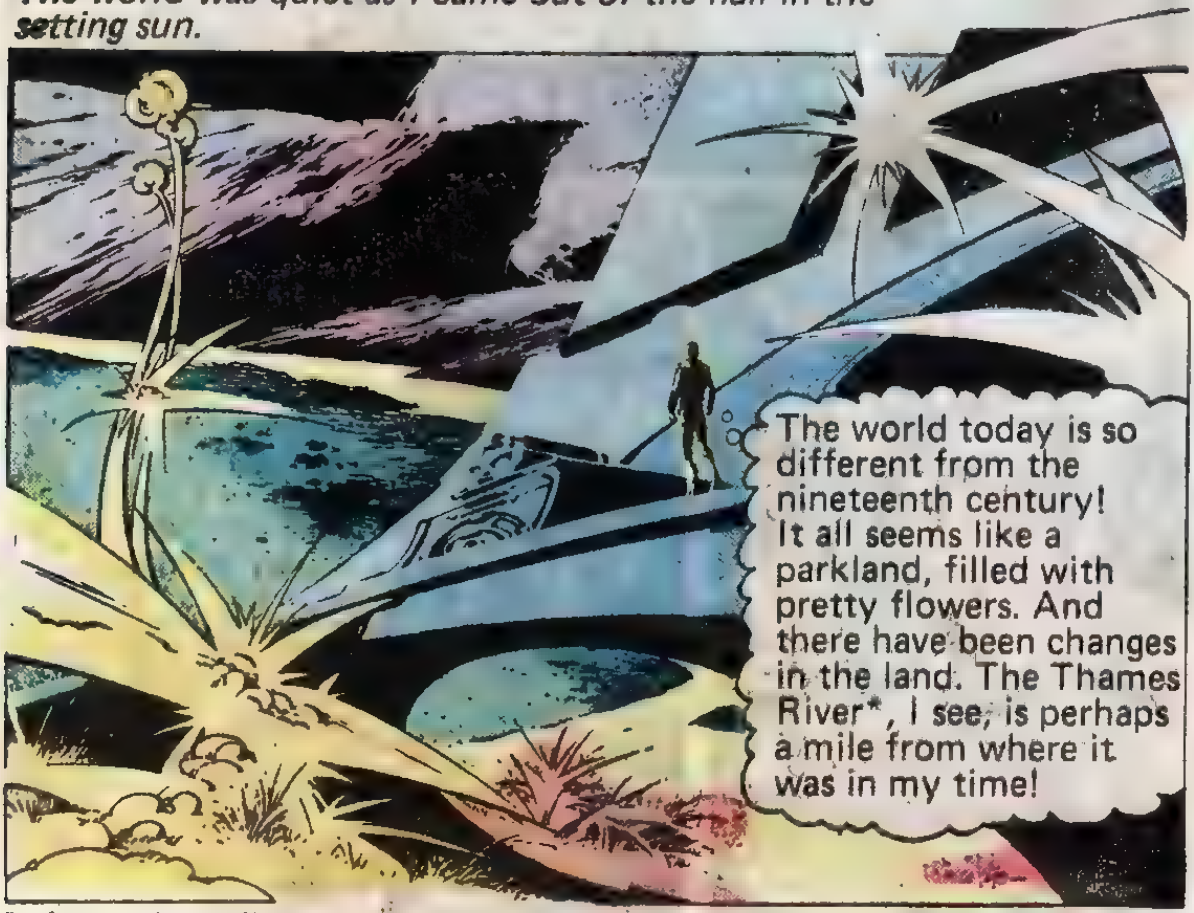


* people who eat no meat—only fruits and vegetables

After my hunger had disappeared, I tried to learn their speech:

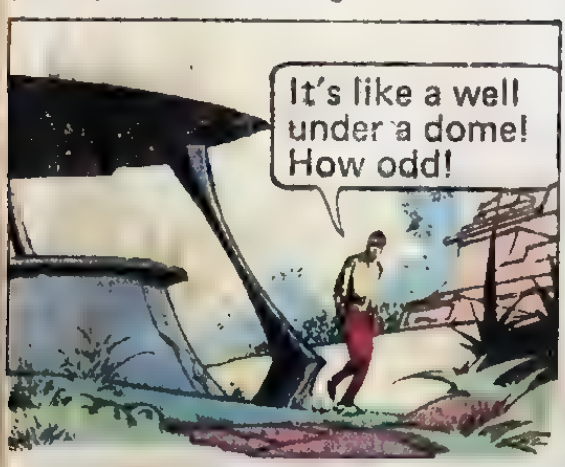
My first attempts to make the exquisite sounds of their language caused a great amount of laughter!

The world was quiet as I came out of the hall in the setting sun.

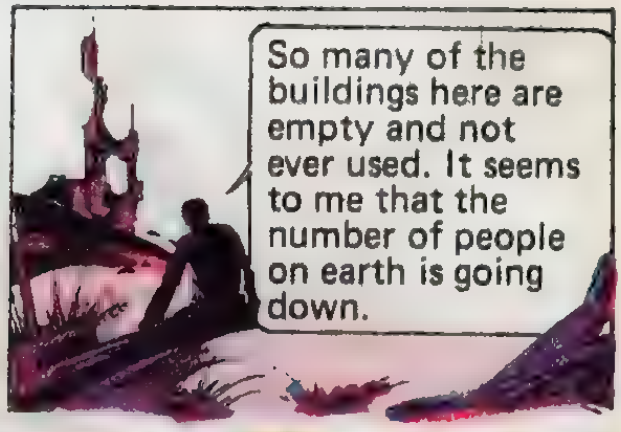

The world today is so different from the nineteenth century! It all seems like a parkland, filled with pretty flowers. And there have been changes in the land. The Thames River*, I see, is perhaps a mile from where it was in my time!

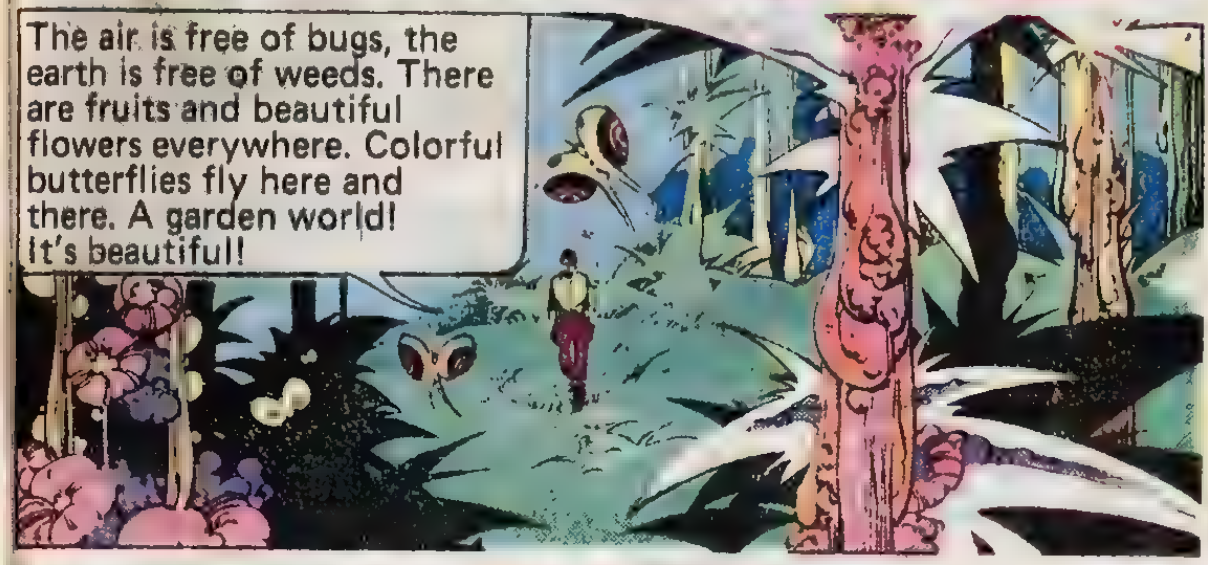
* a famous river in England

As I walked on, I saw a pretty little building.

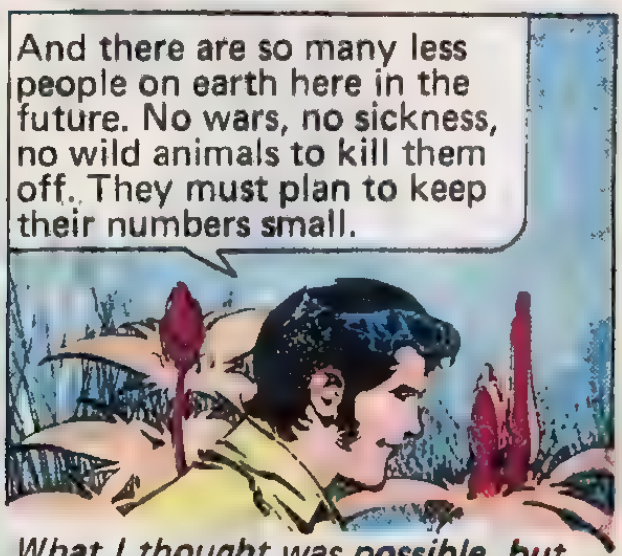


I found a seat of some yellow metal, rusted in places, and I sat and looked at this view of the future world.

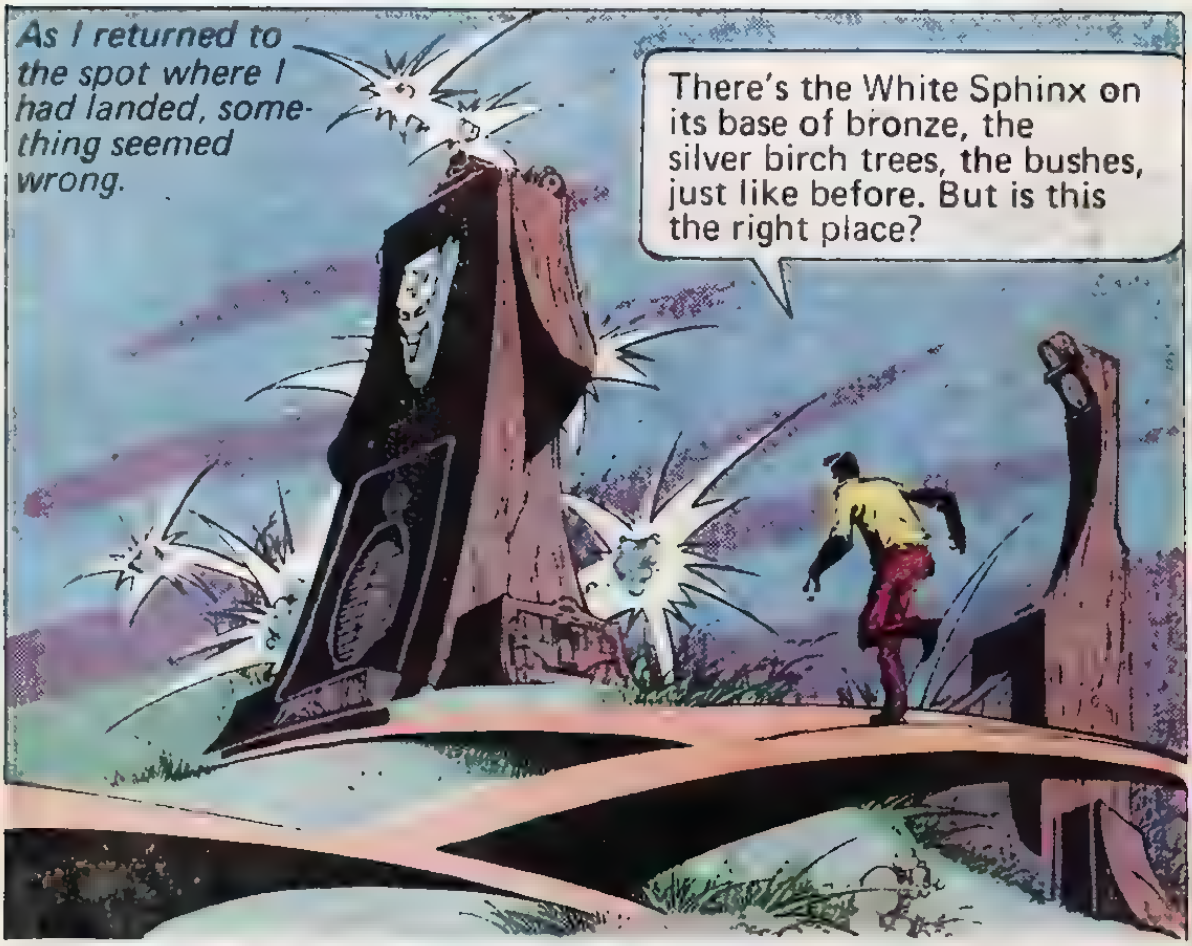



The air is free of bugs, the earth is free of weeds. There are fruits and beautiful flowers everywhere. Colorful butterflies fly here and there. A garden world! It's beautiful!

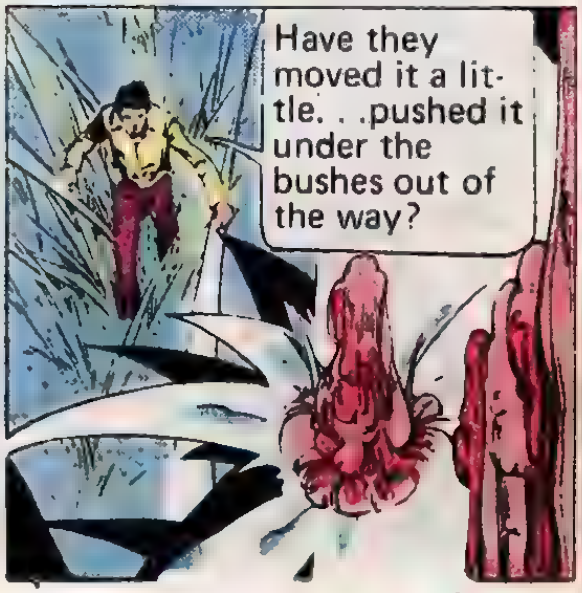
But the people are so small with just the intelligence of children. The number of people on earth is getting smaller and even this beautiful land has places in ruins.


And there are so many less people on earth here in the future. No wars, no sickness, no wild animals to kill them off. They must plan to keep their numbers small.

What I thought was possible, but I would later find out I was very wrong.

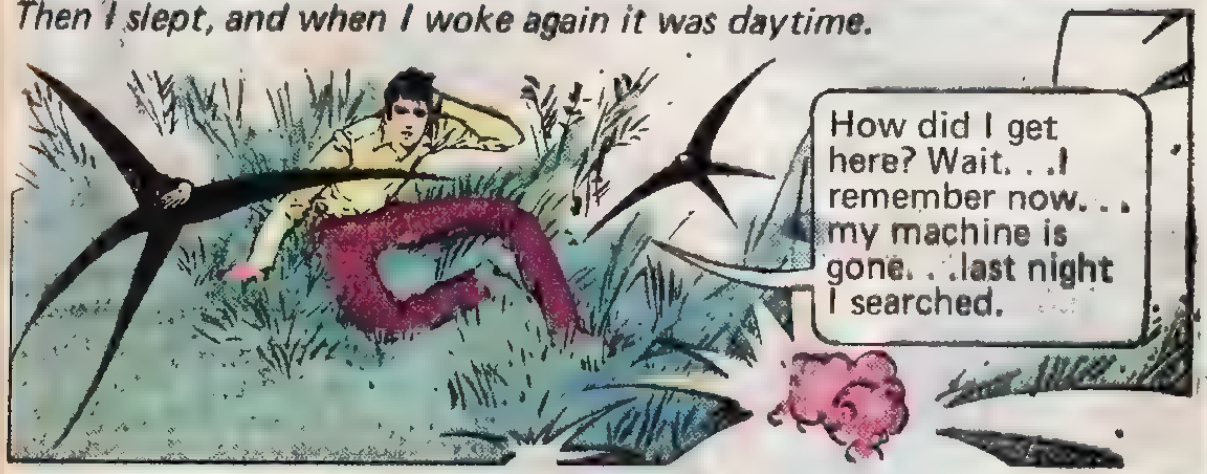

As I returned to the spot where I had landed, something seemed wrong.
There's the White Sphinx on its base of bronze, the silver birch trees, the bushes, just like before. But is this the right place?

Suddenly I was frightened. Would I be here in the future forever. . .never able to get back to my own time. I began to hunt for the machine. . . .

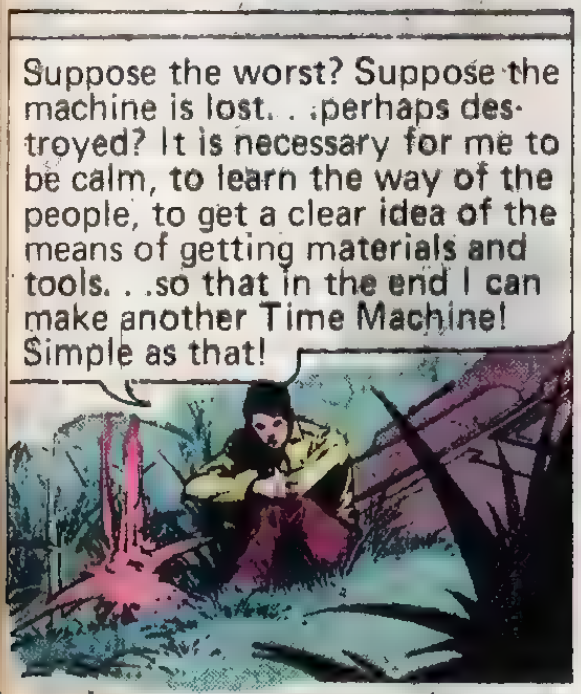


I felt hopelessly cut off from my own kind. . .a strange animal in an unknown world.

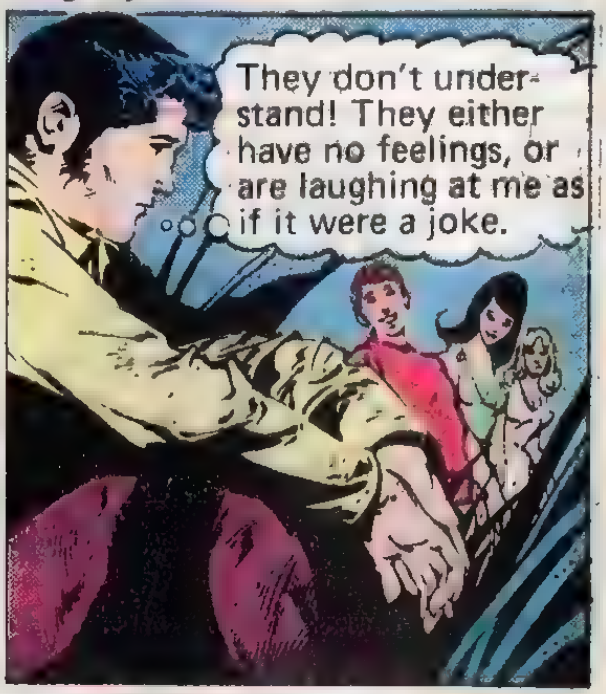
Then I slept, and when I woke again it was daytime.



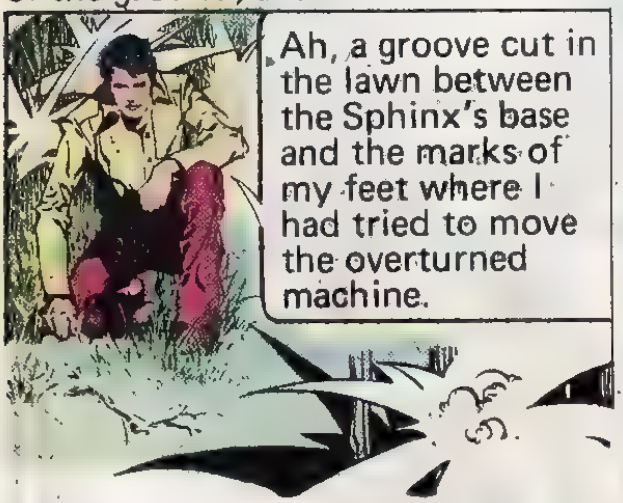
With the daylight, I began to think over my nightmare.


Suppose the worst? Suppose the machine is lost. . .perhaps destroyed? It is necessary for me to be calm, to learn the way of the people, to get a clear idea of the means of getting materials and tools. . .so that in the end I can make another Time Machine! Simple as that!

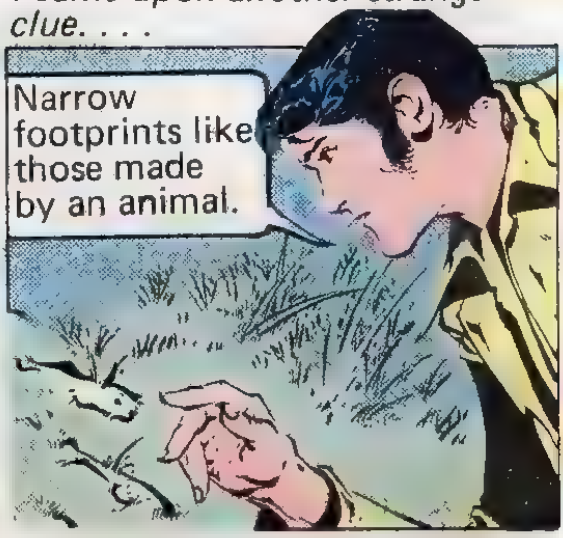
When some of the gay little people came by, I tried to talk to them using my hands.



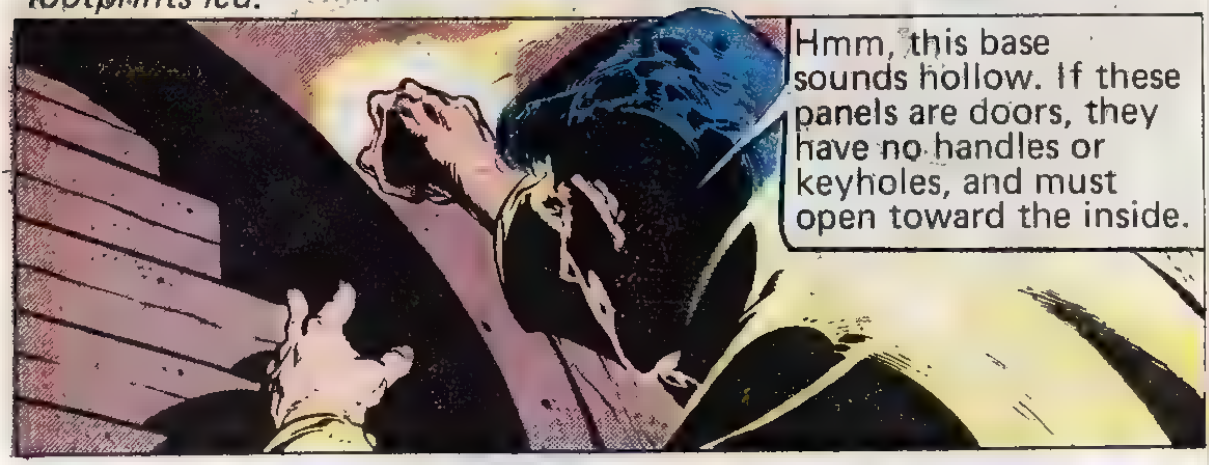
Then I made a careful examination of the ground, and. . . .

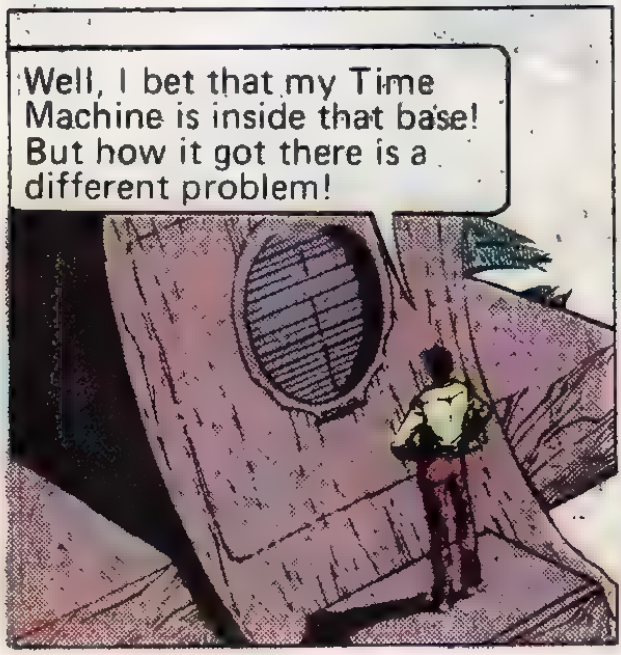

Ah, a groove cut in the lawn between the Sphinx's base and the marks of my feet where I had tried to move the overturned machine.

I came upon another strange clue. . . .

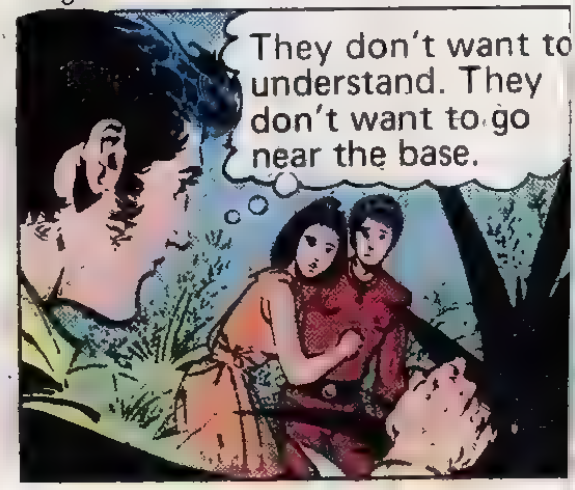


I went to the Sphinx and its bronze base, where the groove and footprints led.





When I tried to explain to the little folk, my wish to open the base doors, they seemed frightened.



As another person turned away as if he didn't care about my problem, my temper got the better of me!

Instead, I returned and banged my fist at the bronze panels.

Angrily, I left and got a stone and hammered the doors with it.

Then I gave myself a talking to.

If you want your machine again, you must leave the Sphinx alone. Try to help yourself in other ways. Face this world and learn its ways. In the end you will find clues to it all.

In the following days I learned their language as well as I could. . . .

. . . .and in addition I explored here and there.

So far as I can see all the world here in the future has the same richness of the Thames Valley where I arrived. Beautiful buildings, lakes shining like silver, lovely trees. It's all very beautiful and calm.

There was something strange about all those round wells with covers over them. But when I went to look down into one using a match for light. . . .

It must be very deep. I can see no gleam of water, nor my reflection.

But the way the matches act, there is a steady current of air going downward. And I hear a thud, thud, thud. . . like the beating of a big engine.

After a time, I came to connect these walls with tall towers standing here and there.

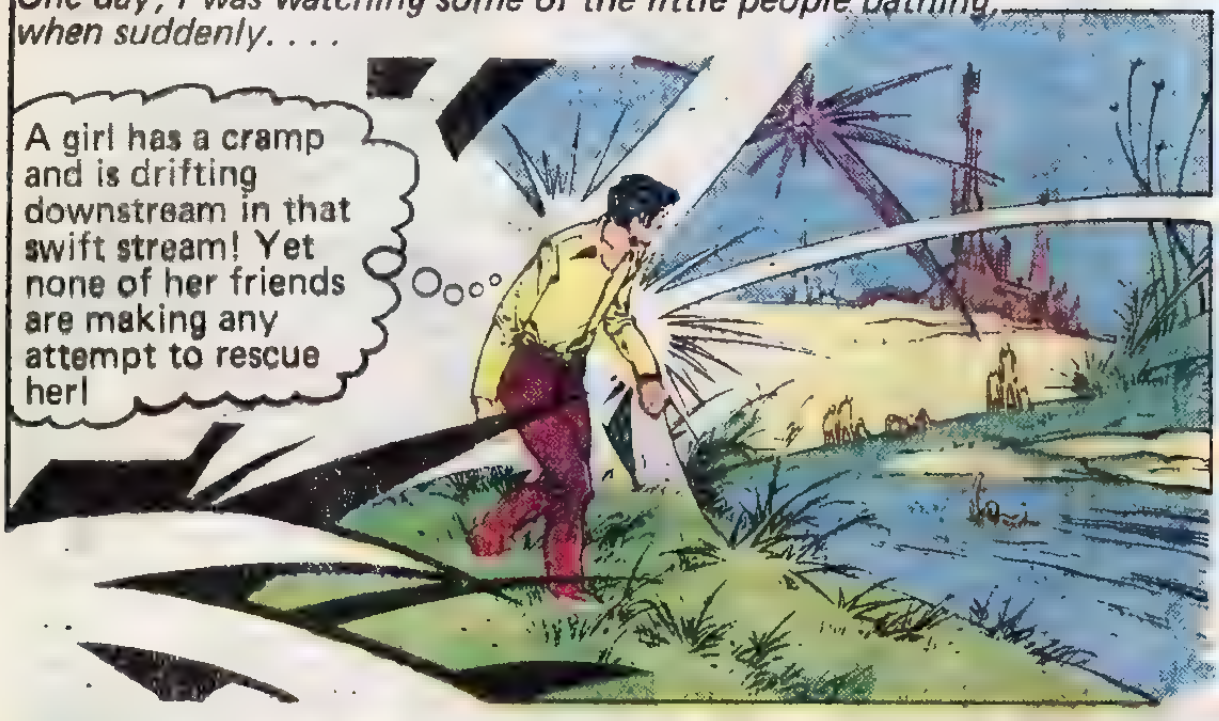
This strongly suggests a system of underground ventilation.

During the walks, I could see no signs of cemeteries nor anything that looked like tombs.

The thing that really puzzles me is that there are no old and weak among these people!

Another puzzle! The several big palaces I've explored were just dining rooms and places for sleeping. I can find no machinery of any kind. Who makes their fine clothes and all other things? There are no signs of workshops?

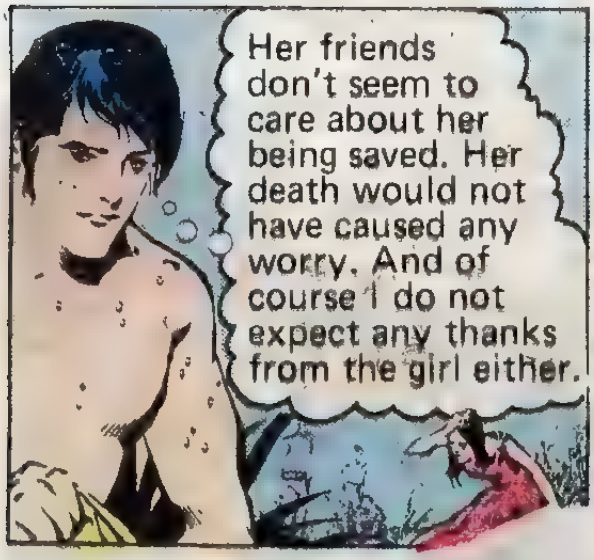
One day, I was watching some of the little people bathing, when suddenly. . . .


A girl has a cramp and is drifting downstream in that swift stream! Yet none of her friends are making any attempt to rescue her!

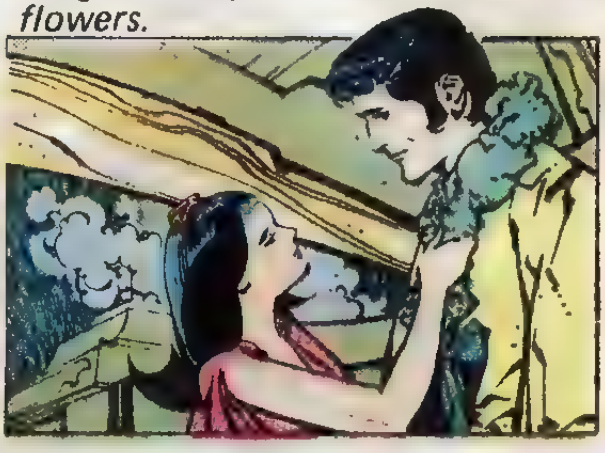
I hurriedly took off my clothes.

I caught the poor little girl before she went under for the last time. I'll bring her safely to land. But all those little people watching don't seem to care. They are not even upset that this girl almost drowned. Hard to believe!

A little rubbing of the arms soon brought her back to normal.


Her friends don't seem to care about her being saved. Her death would not have caused any worry. And of course I do not expect any thanks from the girl either.

*In that, however, I was **wrong!** In the afternoon, when I returned from my walks, she greeted me with cries of delight, and gave me many flowers.*

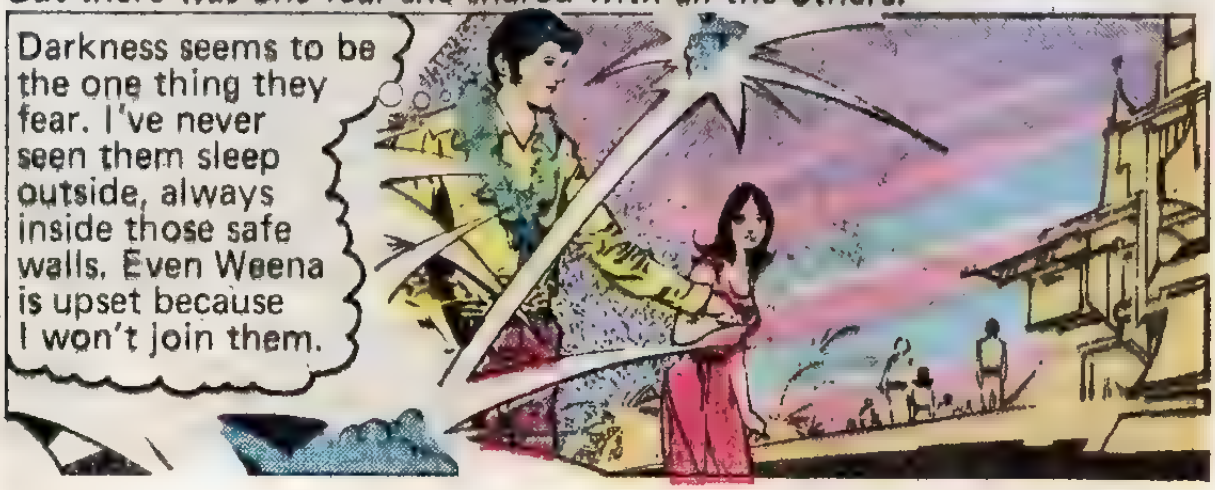


I tried talking to her and found out her name was Weena.

And that was the beginning of a friendship which lasted a week.

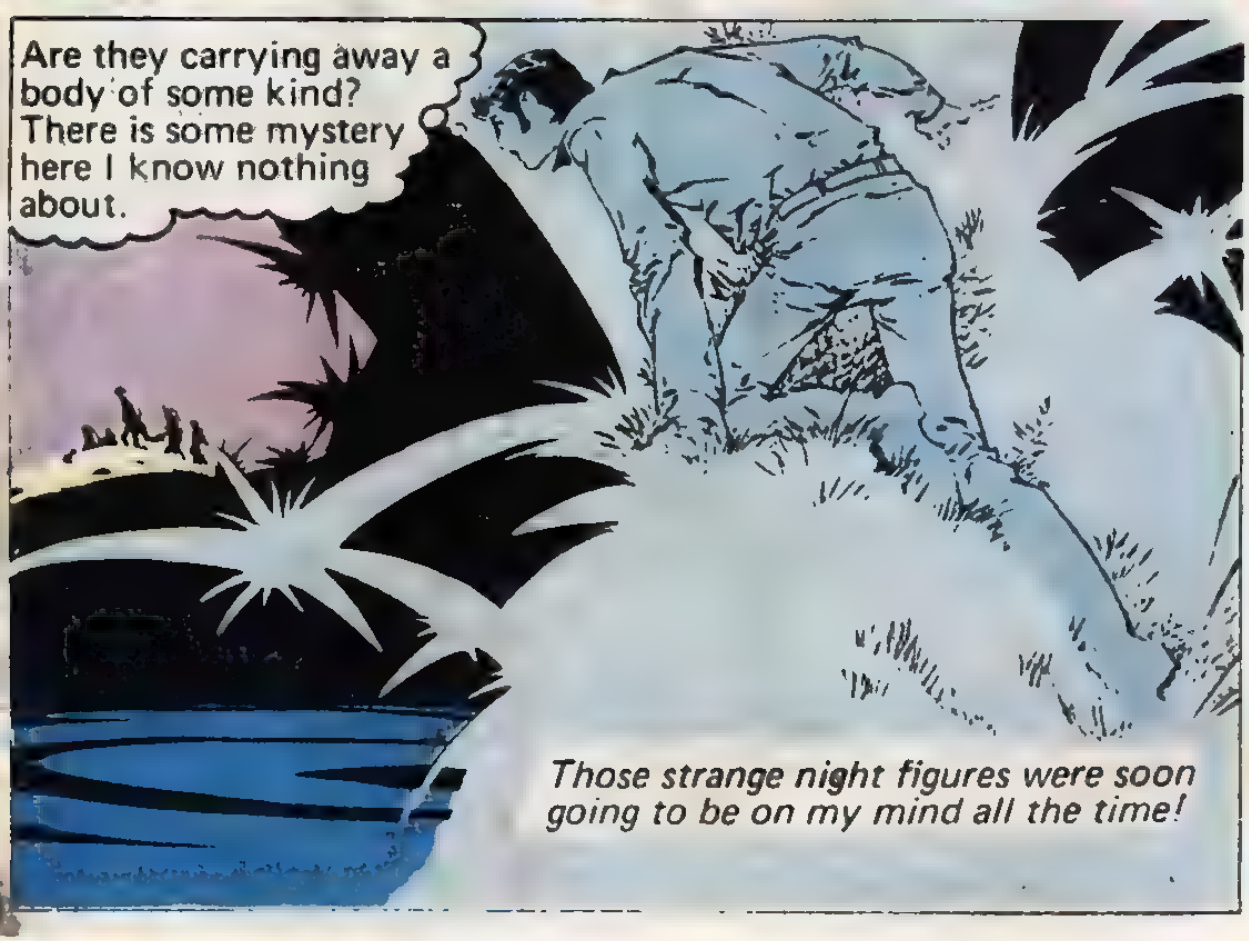
From then on she tried to follow me all over, like a friendly puppy, trusting me completely. Once, as a test, I made ugly faces at her, but. . .

But there was one fear she shared with all the others.


Darkness seems to be the one thing they fear. I've never seen them sleep outside, always inside those safe walls. Even Weena is upset because I won't join them.

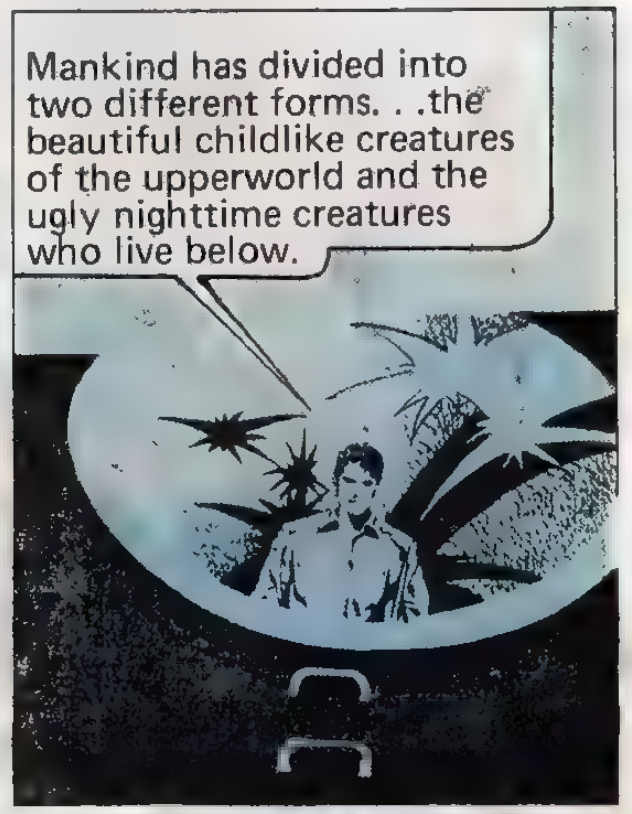
It troubled her greatly, but in the end her love for me won out, and for five of the nights of our friendship, she slept close to me.

I awoke with a start in the middle of the night. Up the hill I thought I could see three ghostly white figures.


Are they carrying away a body of some kind? There is some mystery here I know nothing about.
Those strange night figures were soon going to be on my mind all the time!

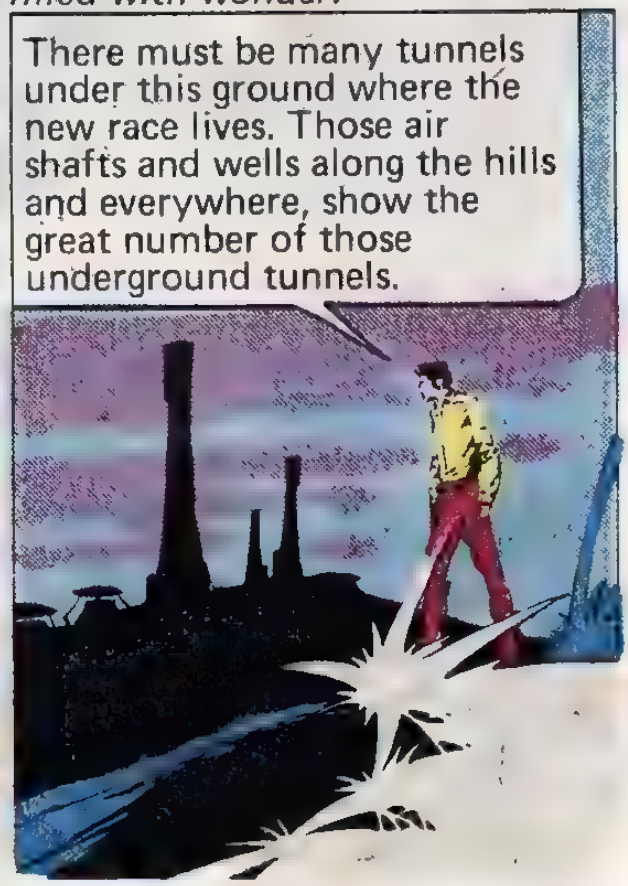
The night seemed to be solid blackness. Suddenly I stopped.
A pair of bright, shiny eyes, watching me out of the dark.
Who are you? What are you?
But the creature left me and further on. . . .
A well, like those outside! Could that thing have gone down the shaft? I'll light a match and see.

I suddenly realized the truth.


Mankind has divided into two different forms. . .the beautiful childlike creatures of the upperworld and the ugly nighttime creatures who live below.

As two of the beautiful Upperworld people came by, I pointed at the well and tried to ask a question about it.

Leaving the ruins, my mind was filled with wonder.


There must be many tunnels under this ground where the new race lives. Those air shafts and wells along the hills and everywhere, show the great number of those underground tunnels.

From Weena I learned the name of the underground people and of her people.

Morlocks?

Eloi.

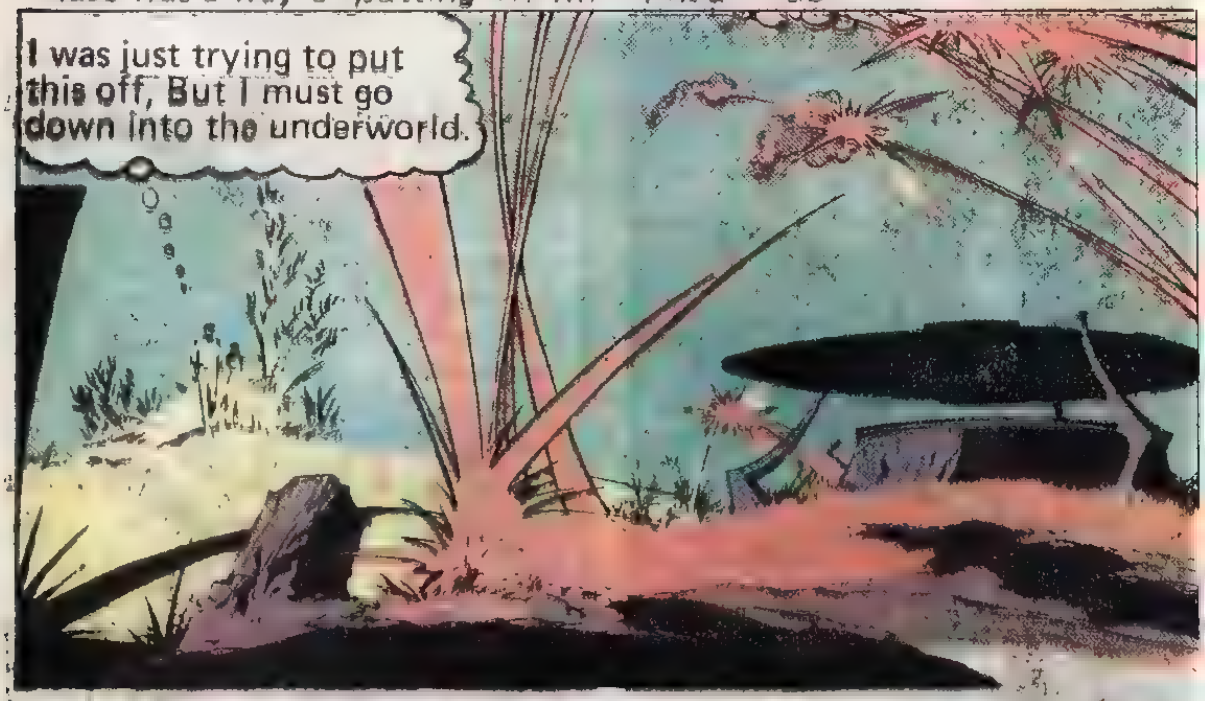
When I tried to question Weena about the Morlocks, she shivered as if she were frightened, but I kept asking and. . . .

She burst out crying! For some reason, the Eloi hate or fear the Morlocks! Another big mystery for me to solve.

My exploring led me to a huge green structure—larger than any I had seen.

Hmm, for lack of a name, I'll call it the Palace of Green Porcelain, I must explore it tomorrow morning.

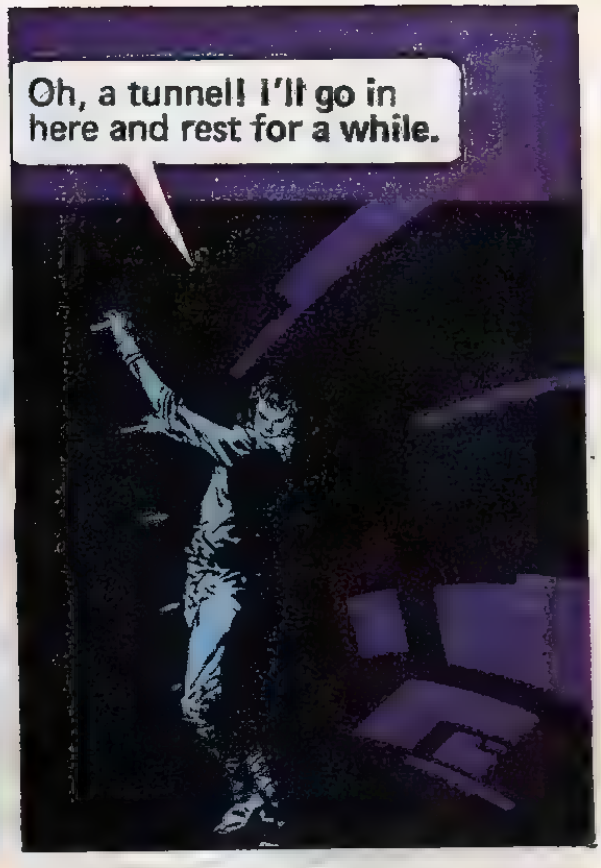
But in the morning, I saw that my interest in the Green Porcelain Palace was a way of putting off what I had to do.



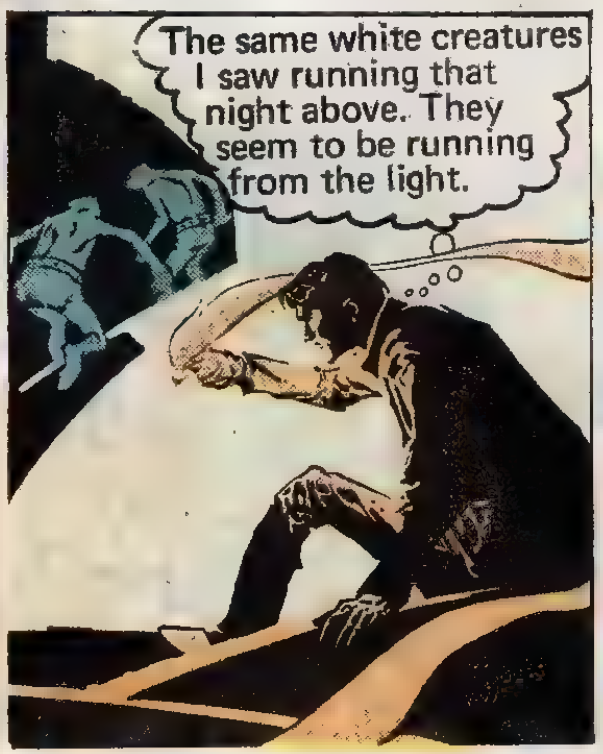
When Weena saw what I was going to do, she cried out, and. . . .

As I climbed down the small ladder not made for anyone my size and weight, one of the bars sud-
denly bent.

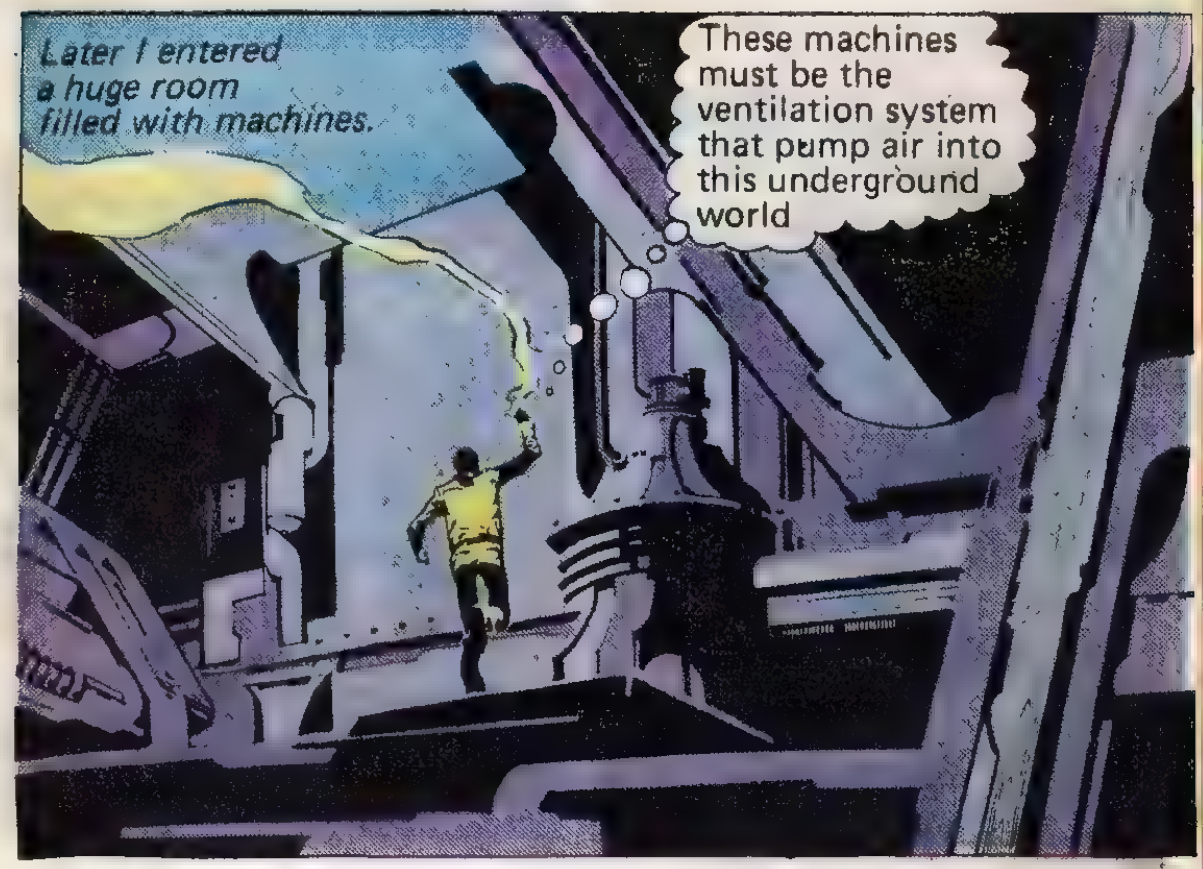
For a minute I hung by one hand but finally got my footing and continued down.
Weena is so far above me. And below the sound of machinery is growing louder!



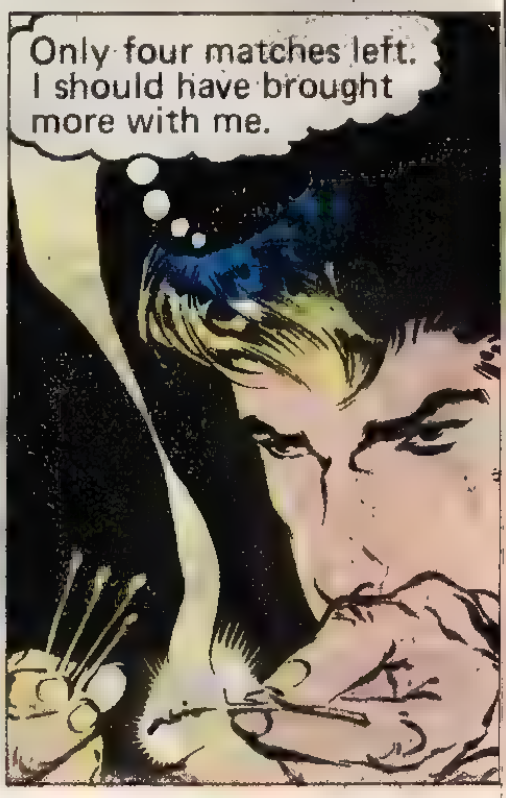
I don't know how long I rested. I woke up when a soft hand touched my face. I sat up and struck a match.



I met others as I walked but as soon as I struck a match, they ran.


Later I entered a huge room filled with machines.
These machines must be the ventilation system that pump air into this underground world

The smell of fresh blood filled the air and then I came upon. . . .
A table, ready for a meal. The Morlocks eat meat at any rate!

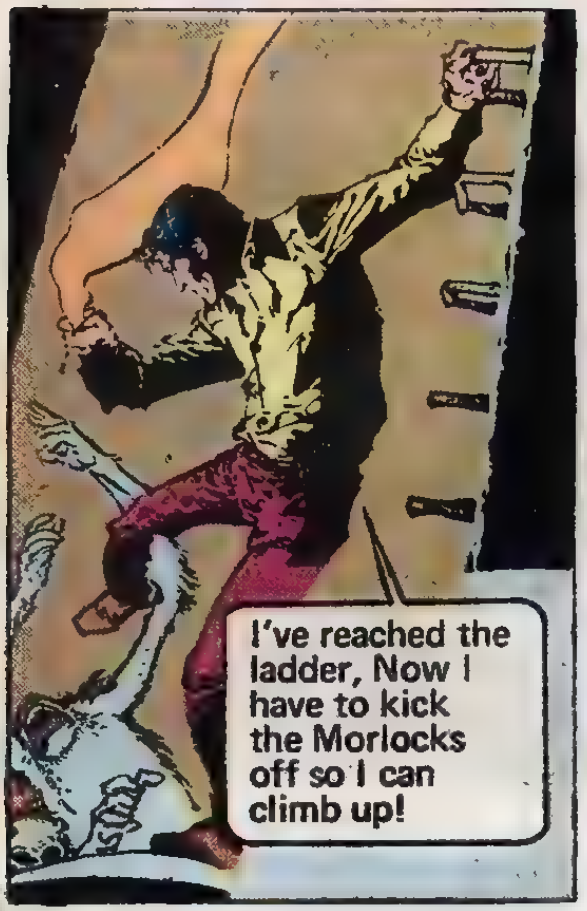

I discovered that my supply of matches had run low.
Only four matches left. I should have brought more with me.

Each time a match had burned out before, the soft hands of the Morlocks had grabbed me. Frightened, I hurried back down the tunnel with the light of one of my matches.

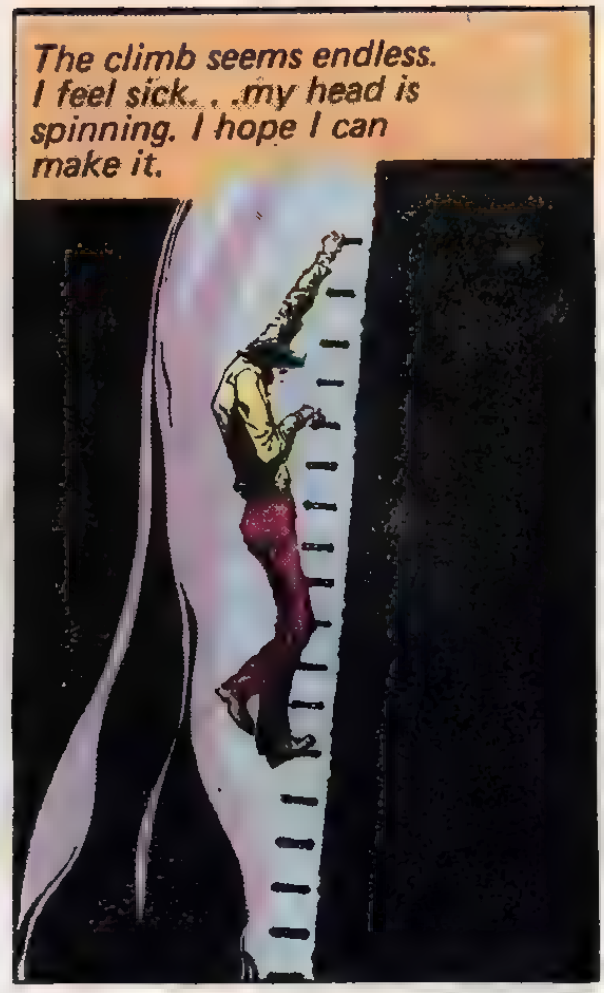
When the first match burned out, I lit the second, just in time.

I used my third match to reach the ladder but as it burned out. . . .

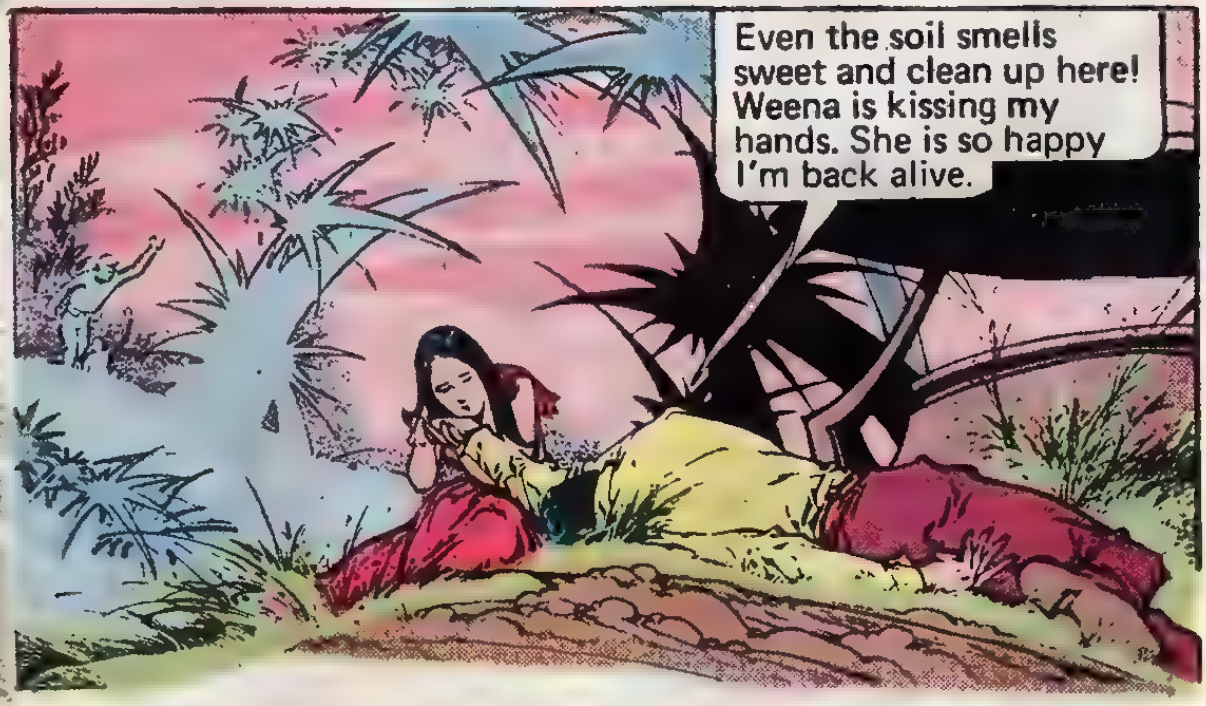
I lit my last match and. . . .



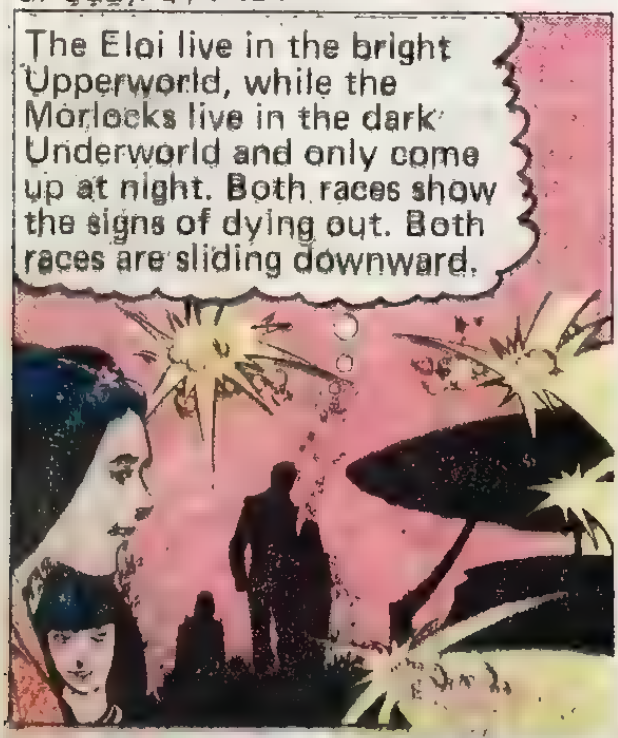
The climb seems endless. I feel sick. . .my head is spinning. I hope I can make it.



I got out of the well somehow and fell out into the blinding sunlight.



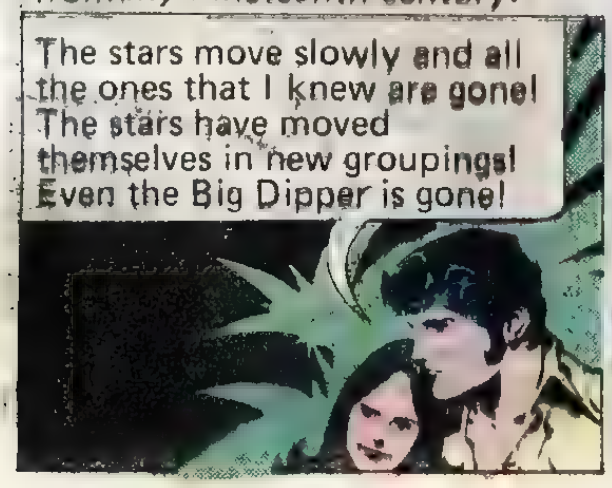
Now I understood one important thing about the world of 802,701 A.D.


The Eloi live in the bright Upperworld, while the Morlocks live in the dark Underworld and only come up at night. Both races show the signs of dying out. Both races are sliding downward.

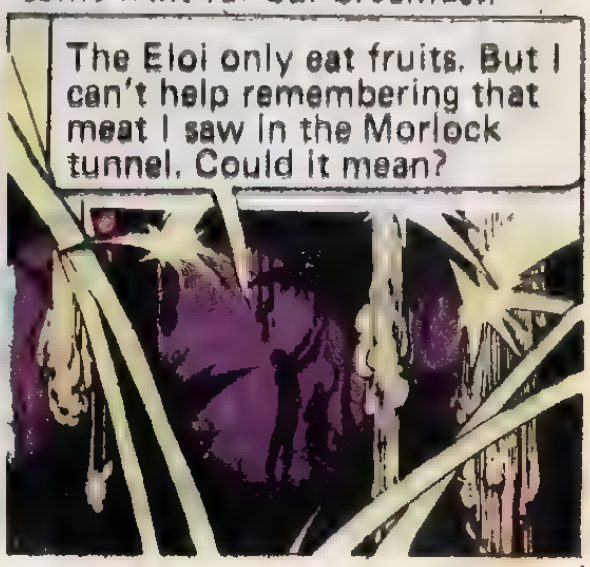
Right away I decided to arm myself and find a place where I might sleep in safety away from the Morlocks!

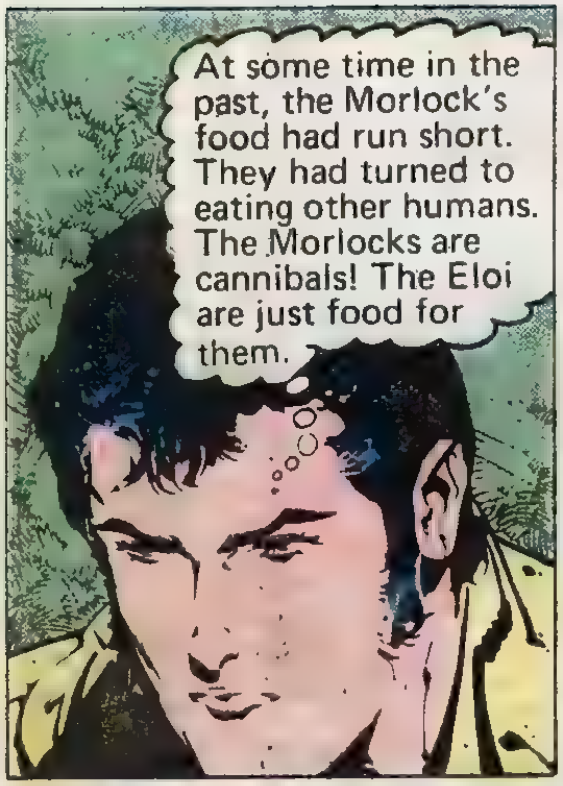
On our way to the Green Palace, Weena picked two flowers and. . . .

Night came before we reached the Green Palace, and as I looked up in the sky, I thought about what a great amount of time separated me from my nineteenth century.


The stars move slowly and all the ones that I knew are gone! The stars have moved themselves in new groupings! Even the Big Dipper is gone!

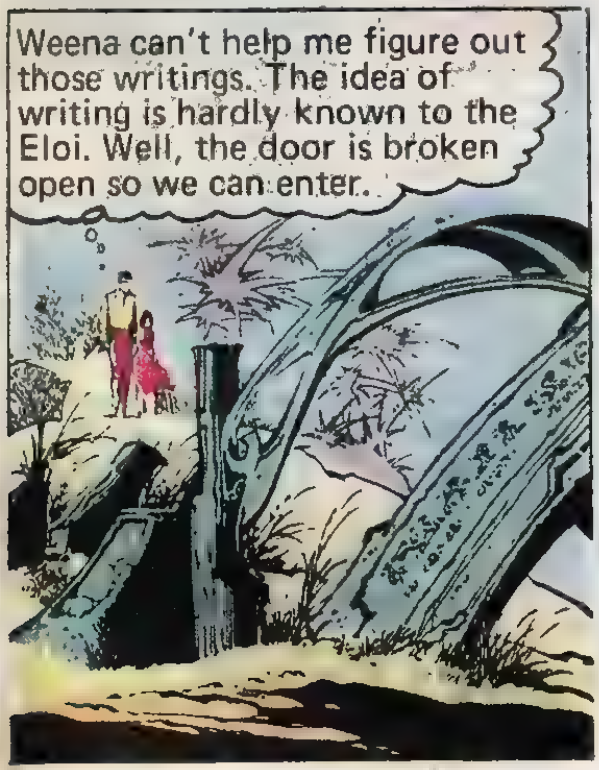
The next morning we found some fruit for our breakfast.




At some time in the past, the Morlock's food had run short. They had turned to eating other humans. The Morlocks are cannibals! The Eloi are just food for them.

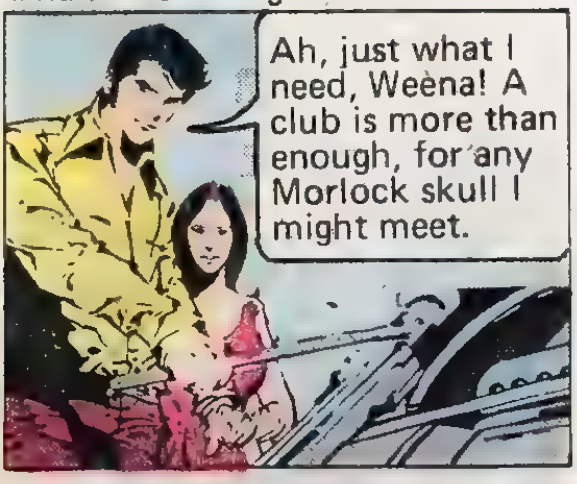
Now it all makes sense! It is the Morlocks who make clothes for the Eloi, and all other things, while the poor Eloi dance and play all day! The Morlocks come up in the dark of night to steal Eloi and drag them below, to use as food.

When we found the Palace of Green Porcelain empty and falling into ruin. . .

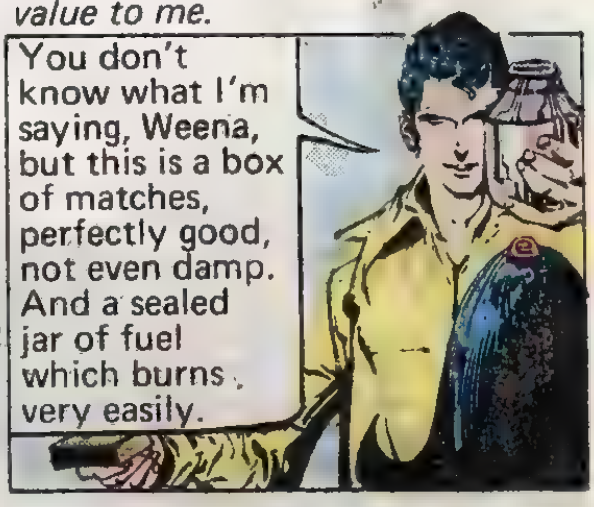

Weena can't help me figure out those writings. The idea of writing is hardly known to the Eloi. Well, the door is broken open so we can enter.

It looked like a museum, with strange displays from ages that followed the nineteenth century, all unknown to me.

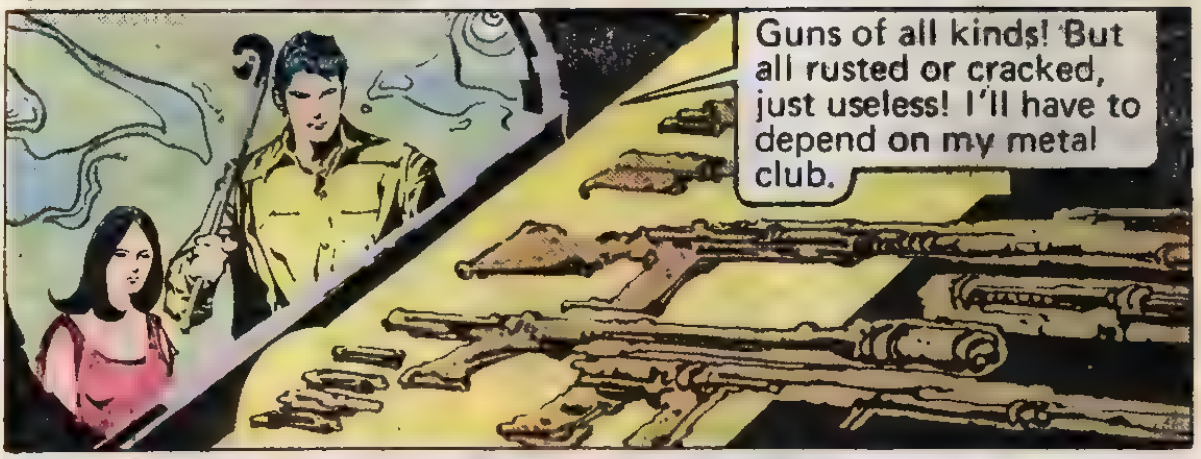
I stopped as I saw a machine with a handle sticking out.



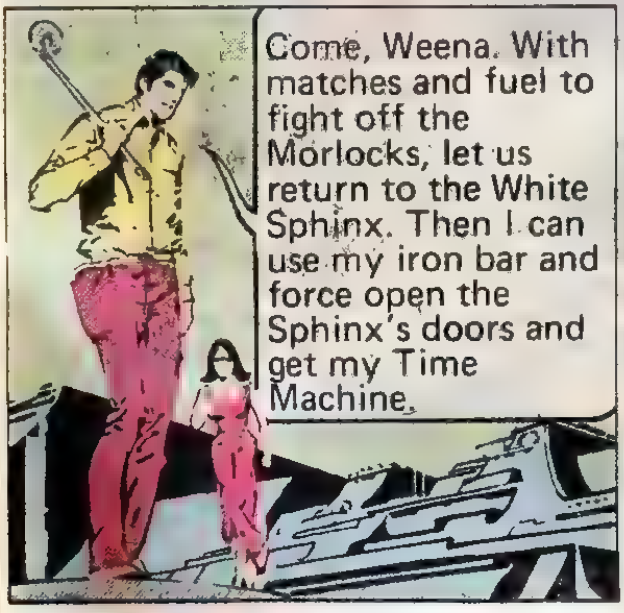
I found two other things of great value to me.


You don't know what I'm saying, Weena, but this is a box of matches, perfectly good, not even damp. And a sealed jar of fuel which burns very easily.

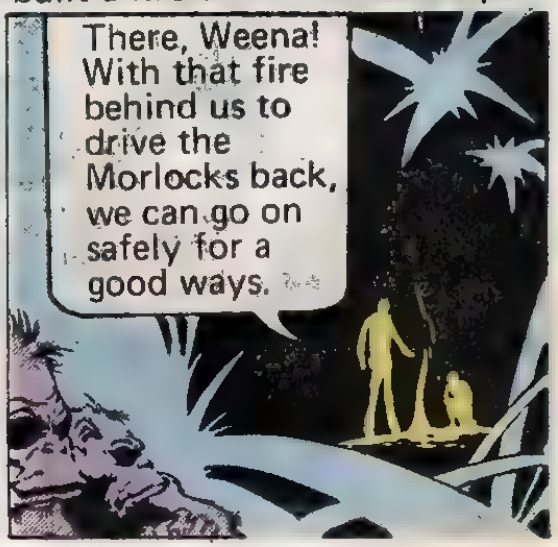
I was very much excited about finding weapons, until I saw their condition.



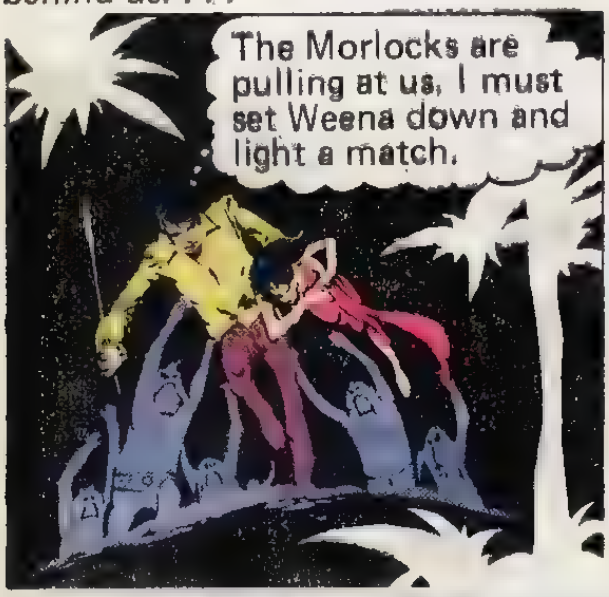
Now, instead of looking for a hideaway, I changed my plans.

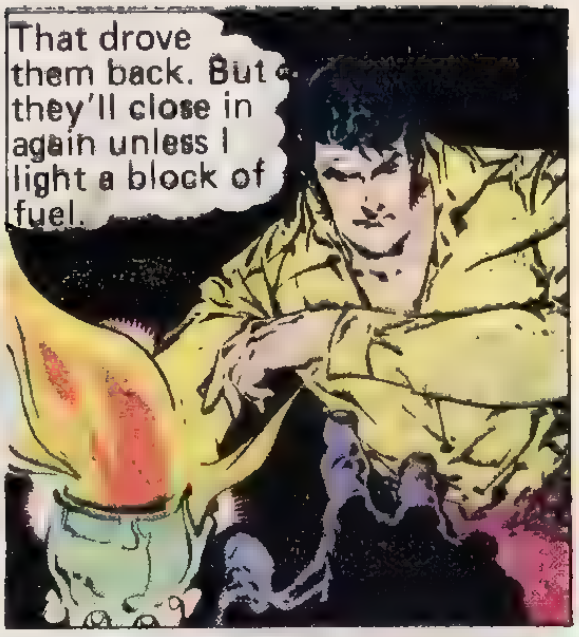

Come, Weena. With matches and fuel to fight off the Morlocks, let us return to the White Sphinx. Then I can use my iron bar and force open the Sphinx's doors and get my Time Machine.

As night fell and white shapes began to move around in the forest, I gathered firewood and built a fire to cover our escape.



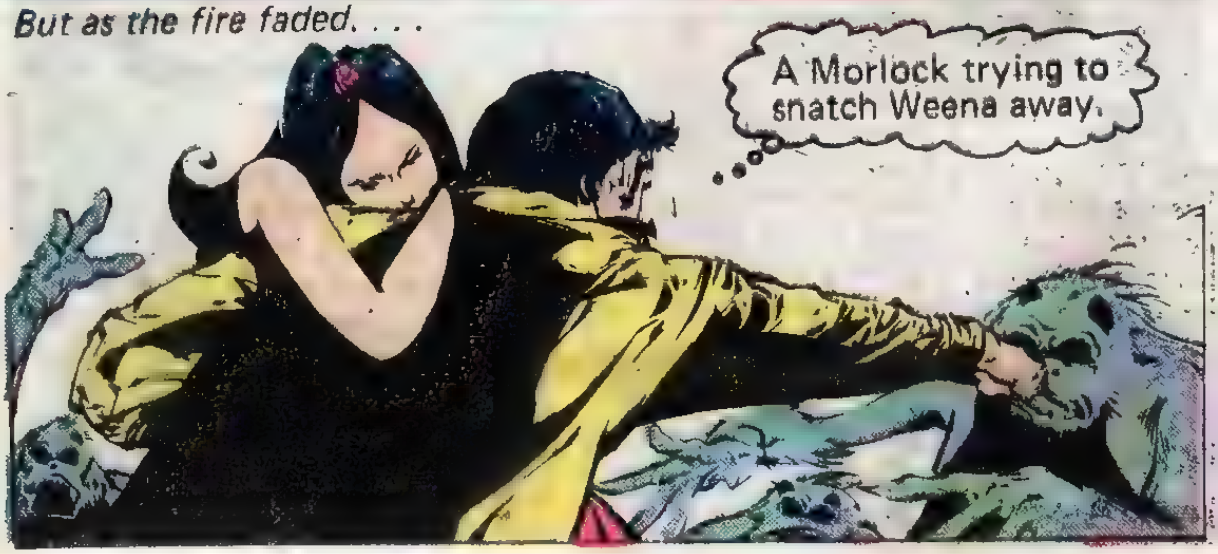
But as the campfire's glow died behind us. . . .





The fuel burned up and again drove the Morlocks back.

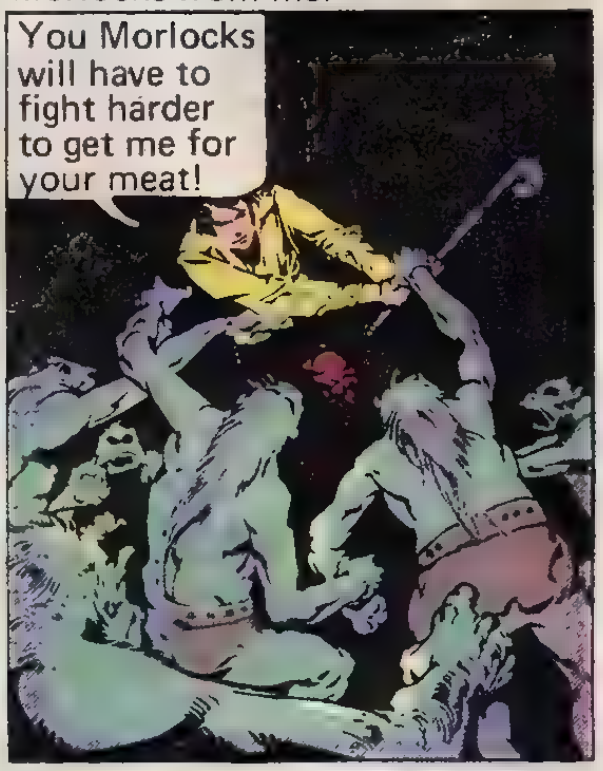
But as the fire faded. . . .



When it was dark again and the Morlocks began creeping close, I reached for another match, but. . . .
My matchbox, it's gone! They must have slipped it out of my pocket.

Then I was caught by the neck, by the arms. . .I felt as if I were in a huge spider's web.

The iron club in my hand gave me new strength and I found my way up, shaking the Morlocks from me.

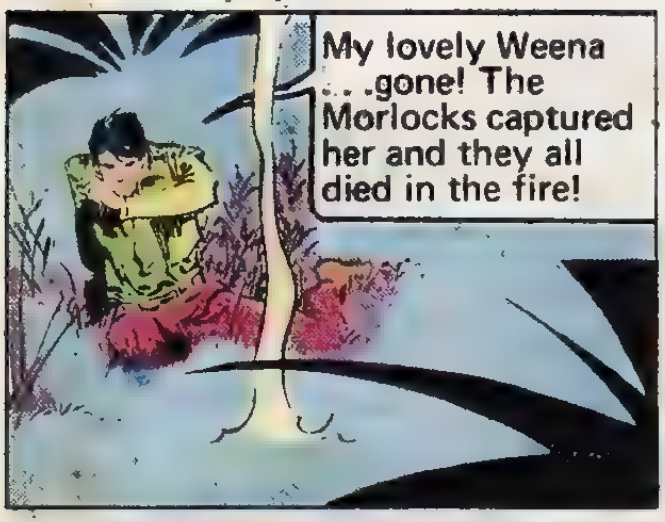


Suddenly, I saw a group of Morlocks running past me from behind. . . .
The forest is on fire! My first fire is coming after me! It must have lit up dry grass and brush and started a big forest fire!

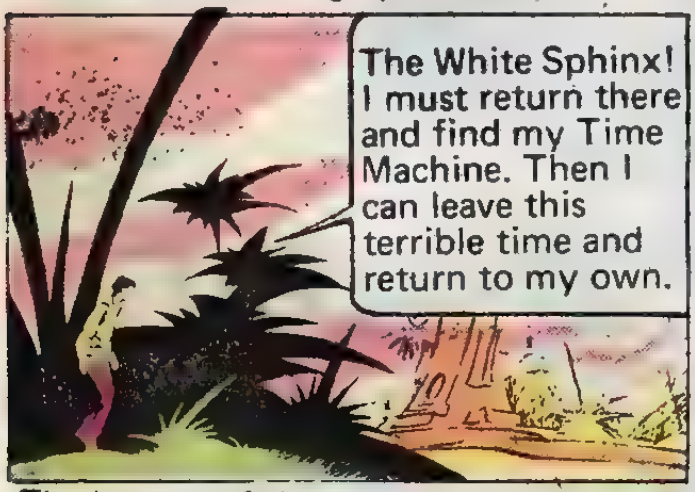
And now, I was afraid not of Morlocks attacking me but in being run down by a mob of frightened creatures running from the fire. Morlocks kept running into me, and I had to use my club to clear the way as I too ran from the fire behind us.

Though the fire could destroy the Morlocks, it also meant danger for me. And when I could not find Weena, I had to keep running to save myself from death by fire.

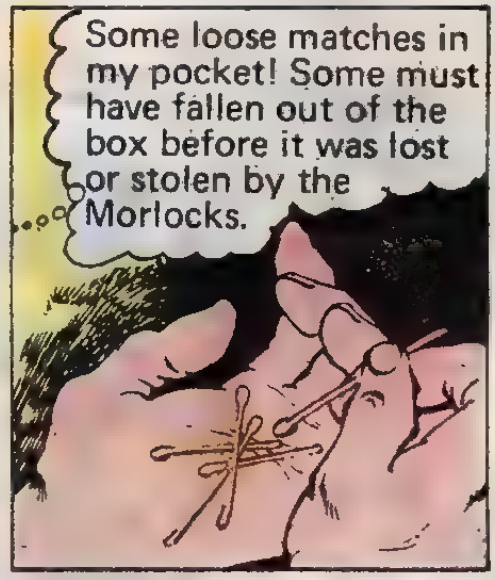
I finally stumbled to safety, but I was very upset.



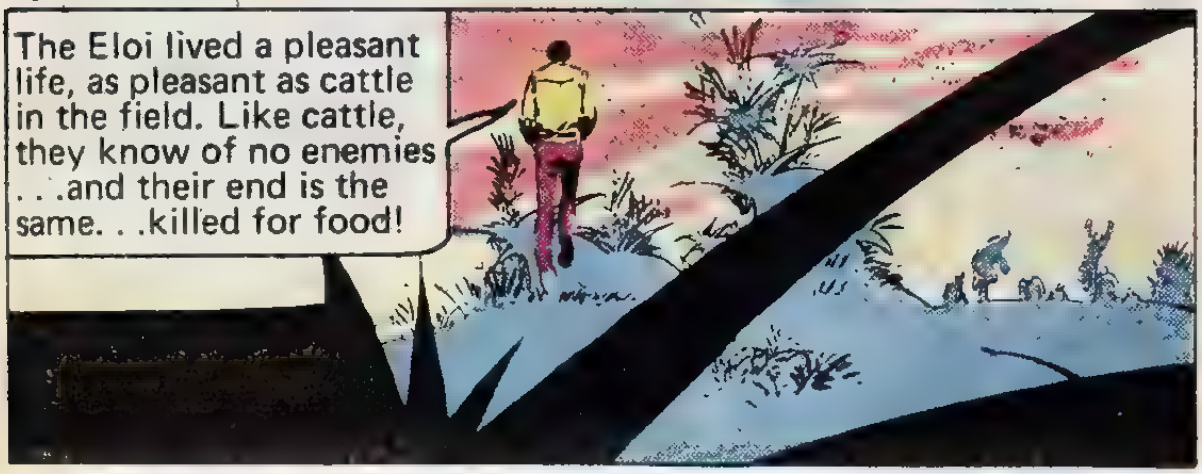
The horrible death of Weena bothered me terribly. It left me alone again in this strange time. . . and at daybreak as I looked over the scene from a high point. . .

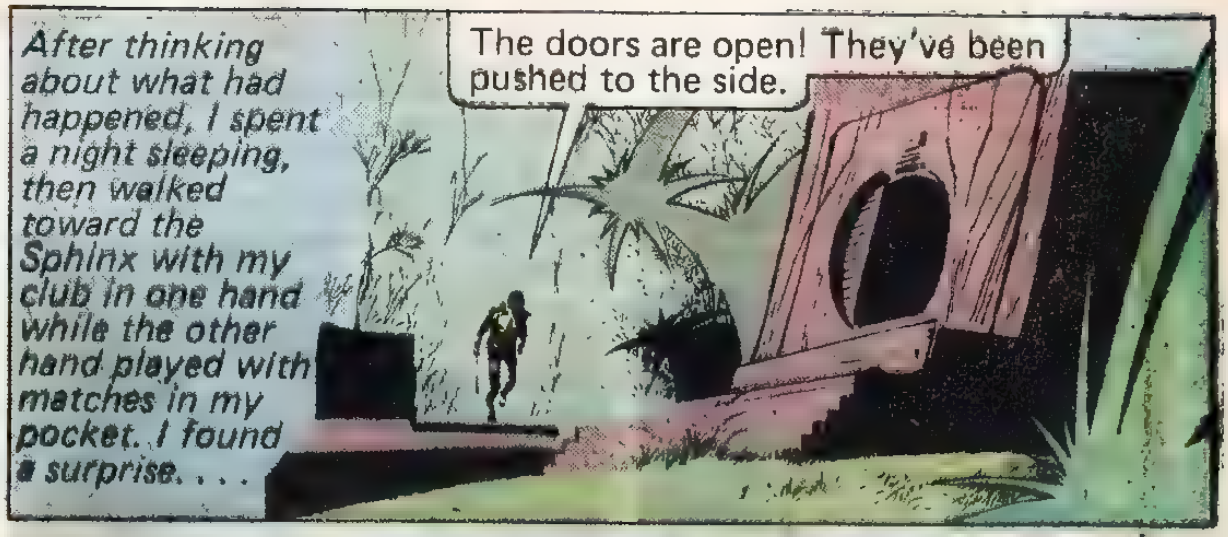


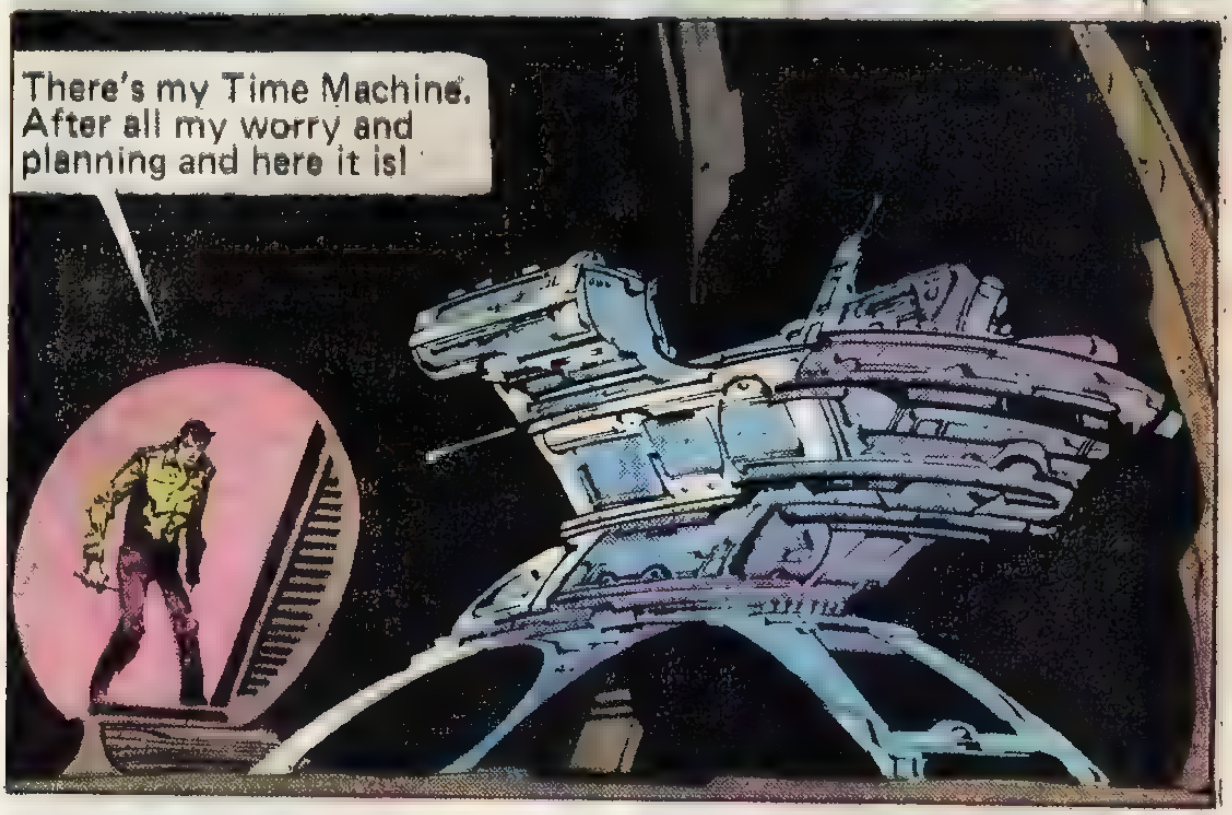
I made a welcome discovery on the way.



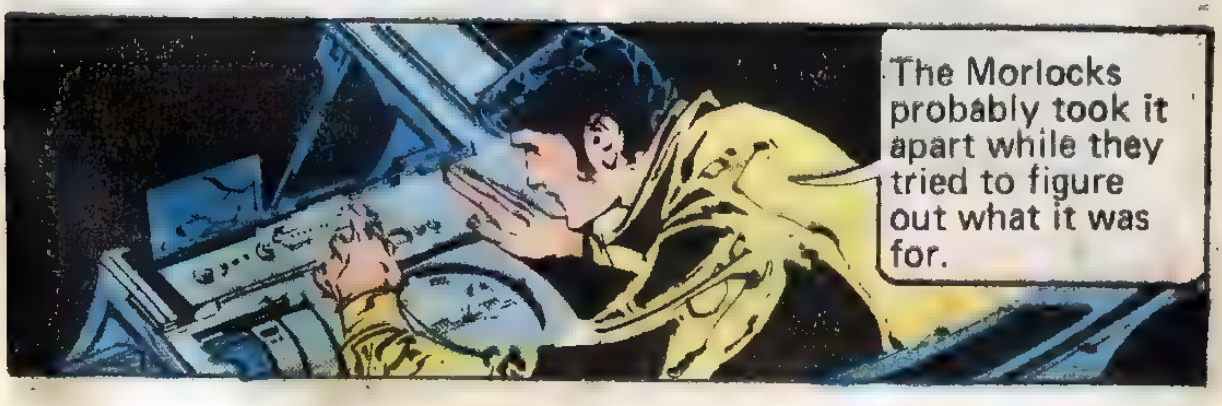
The beauty of the people in the Upperworld covered the real ugliness of this world.


The Eloi lived a pleasant life, as pleasant as cattle in the field. Like cattle, they know of no enemies . . .and their end is the same. . .killed for food!


After thinking about what had happened, I spent a night sleeping, then walked toward the Sphinx with my club in one hand while the other hand played with matches in my pocket. I found a surprise. . . .
The doors are open! They've been pushed to the side.



I was surprised to find it had been carefully oiled and cleaned. I guessed what the Morlocks had been up to.

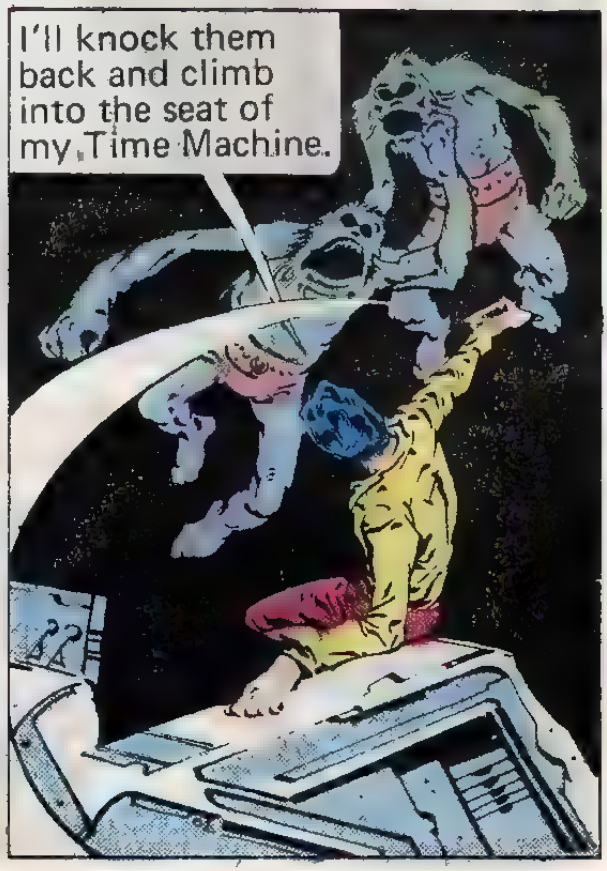


The thing I had expected suddenly happened. The bronze panels closed and locked me in.

I laughed happily. I could hear their murmuring laughter, in turn, as they came towards me. Very calmly, I took out what they didn't know I still had.

But I was shocked as I tried to strike a match. . . .

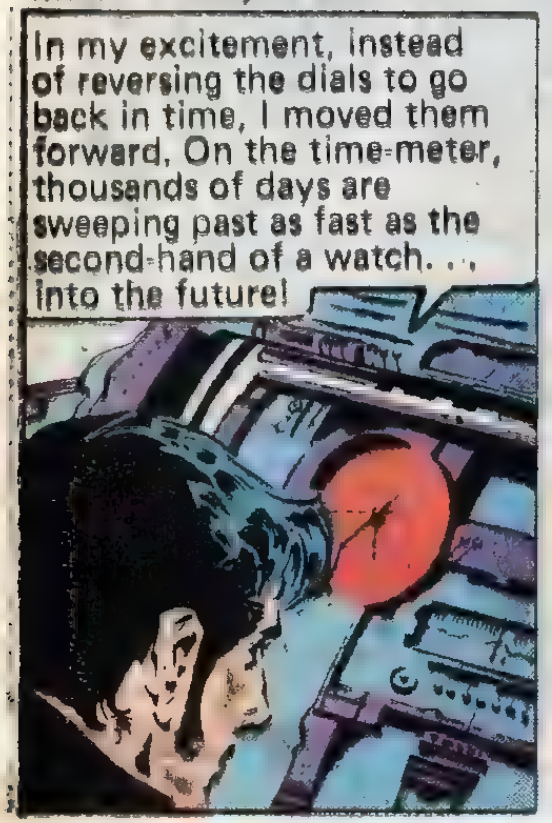
I acted fast, pulling my two drive dials from my pocket and. . . .



Quickly I punched the Morlock and heard his head crack.

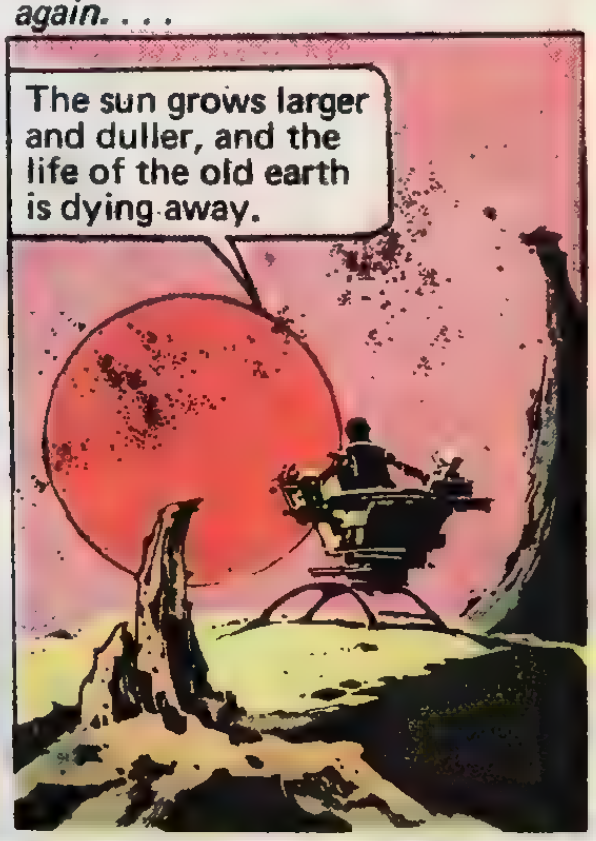
The Morlock hands slipped from me. . .I was on my way through the time dimension!

I was not seated right in the machine. For a long time I hung on as the machine swayed and shook.


In my excitement, instead of reversing the dials to go back in time, I moved them forward. On the time-meter, thousands of days are sweeping past as fast as the second-hand of a watch. . ., into the future!

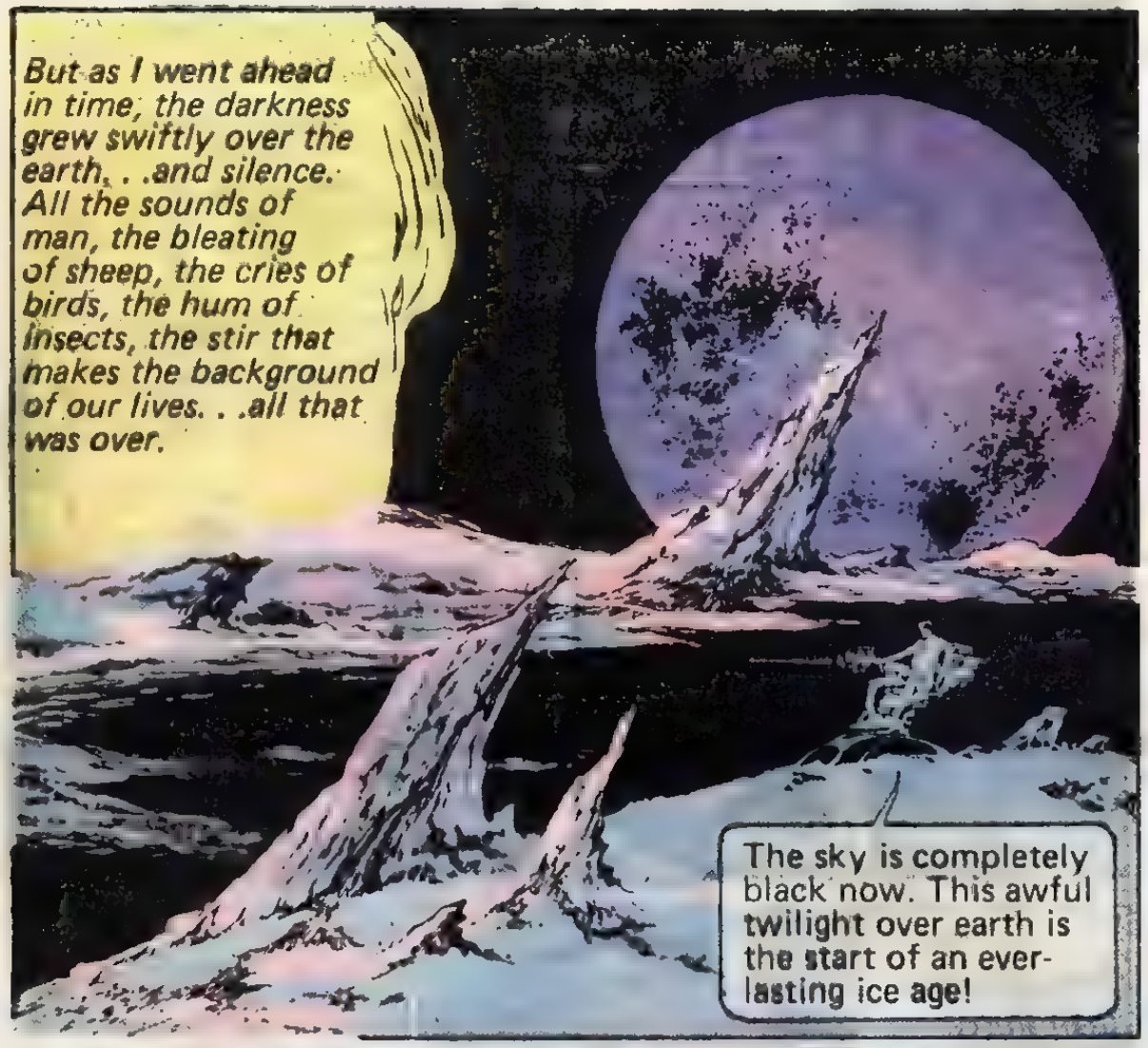
As I drove on, the appearance of things around me changed.

As I travelled on in great leaps of a thousand years or more, I stopped again and again. . . .

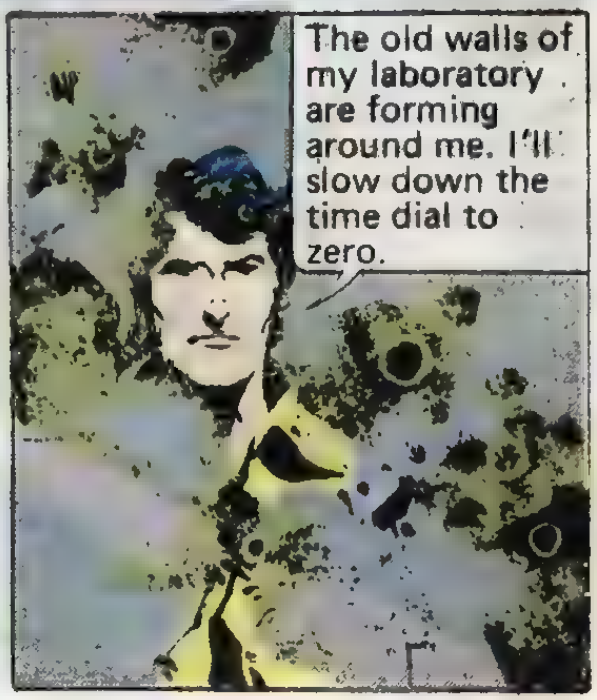


At last, more than thirty million years in the future, the huge red-hot ball of the sun had come to cover nearly a tenth of the sky.

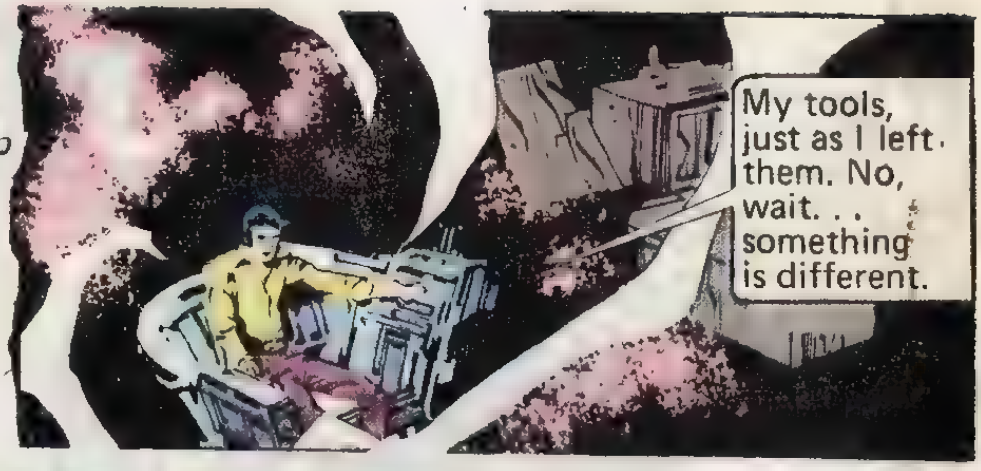
White flakes are whirling down. The sea is full of ice. That green slime on rocks alone proves that life is not yet extinct. . .but close to it.

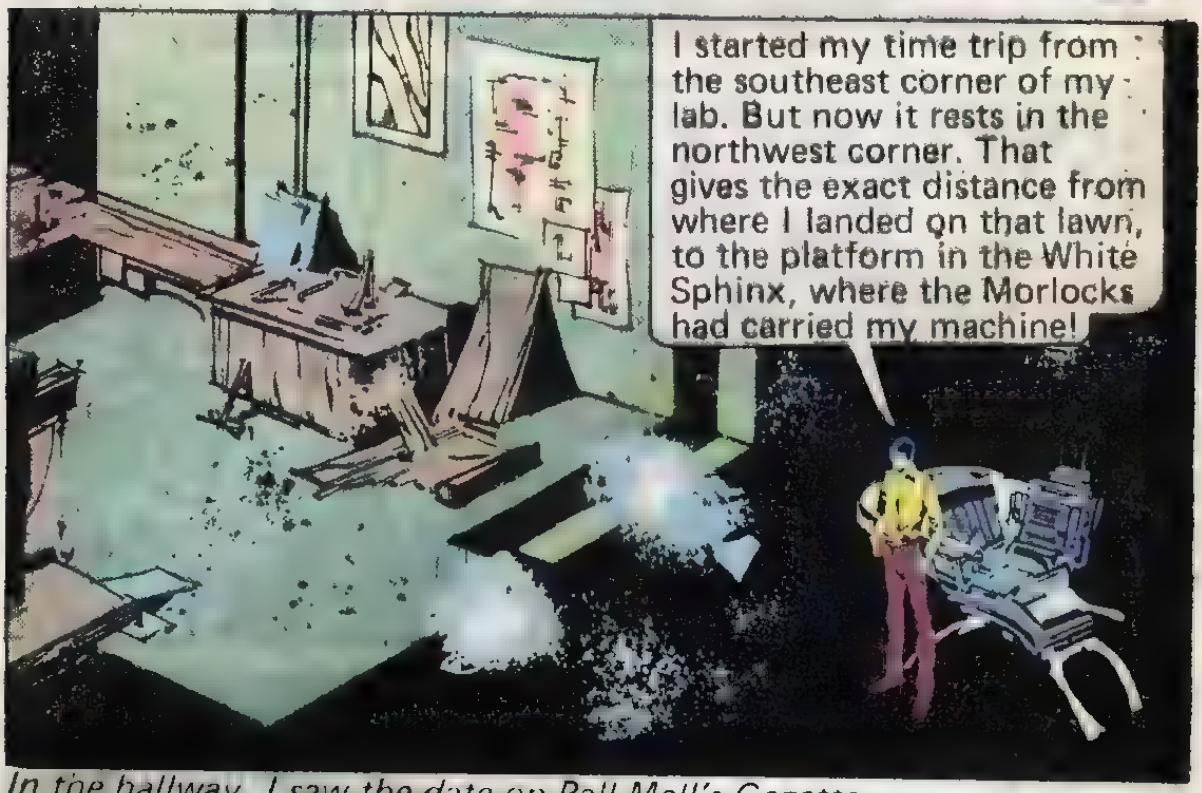

But as I went ahead in time, the darkness grew swiftly over the earth, . . .and silence. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives. . .all that was over.
The sky is completely black now. This awful twilight over earth is the start of an everlasting ice age!

I could stand it no more and now turned my dials in the other direction.
The hands are spinning backward on the time dials. I'm returning to the past!

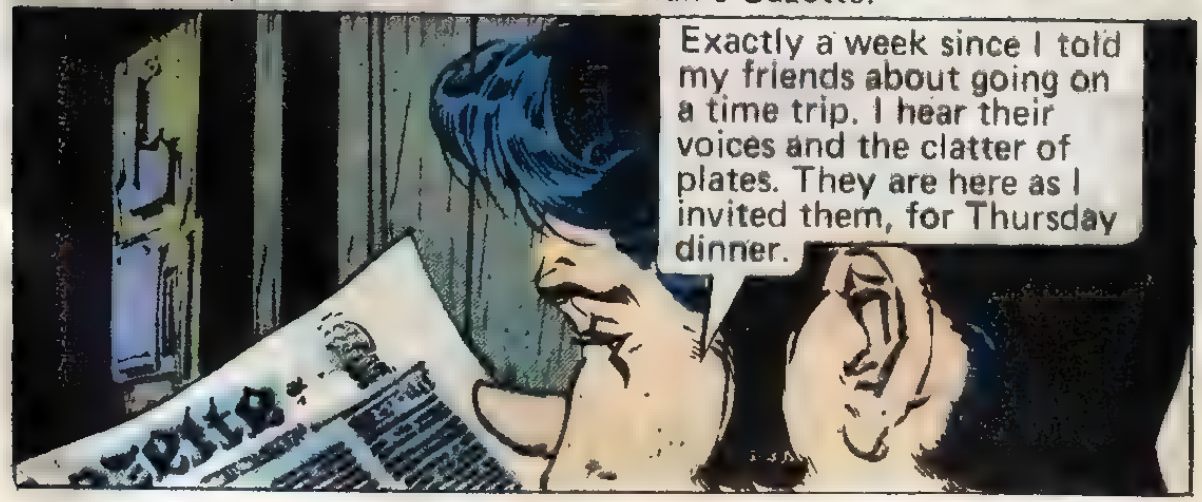

The old walls of my laboratory are forming around me. I'll slow down the time dial to zero.

As I finally stopped the machine, my old workshop was around me again. I might have slept and dreamed my whole adventure!




I started my time trip from the southeast corner of my lab. But now it rests in the northwest corner. That gives the exact distance from where I landed on that lawn, to the platform in the White Sphinx, where the Morlocks had carried my machine!

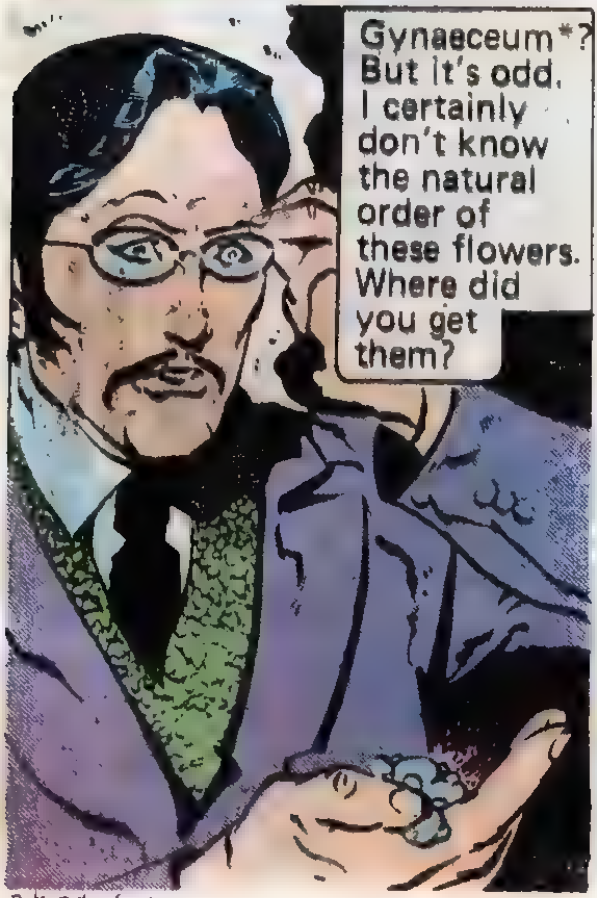
In the hallway, I saw the date on Pall Mall's Gazette.


Exactly a week since I told my friends about going on a time trip. I hear their voices and the clatter of plates. They are here as I invited them, for Thursday dinner.

When I appeared in the doorway where my guests were dining. . .
Good heavens! Man, what's the matter?
What on earth have you been up to, man?
Ah, good champagne! Let me drink and eat before I tell my tale. And save me some of that lamb. I'm starving for a bit of meat.
Sorry, but I was simply starved. I've had a most amazing time. Most of it will sound like lying but it's true. . .every word of it. I've lived eight days. . .such days as no human being ever lived before! Here's the story.

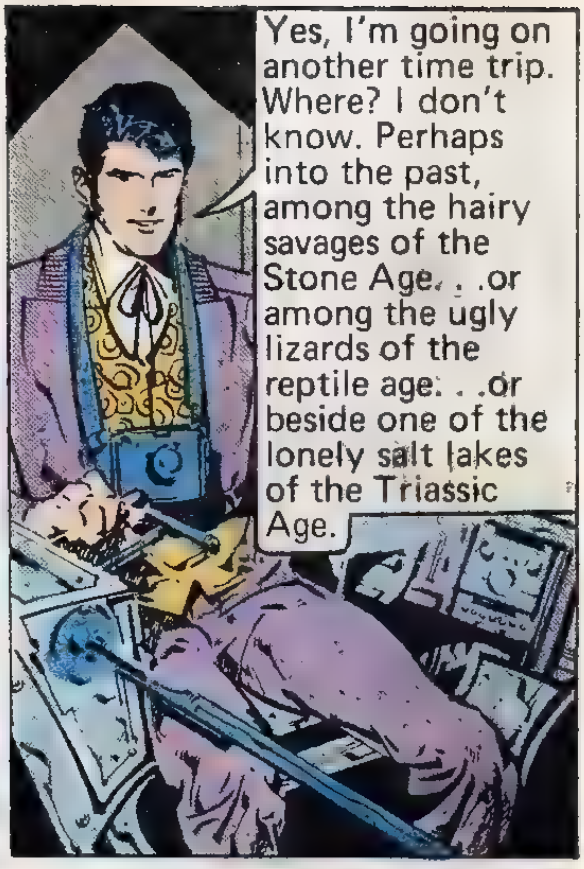
When I had finished, there was silence for a long moment, then. . . .

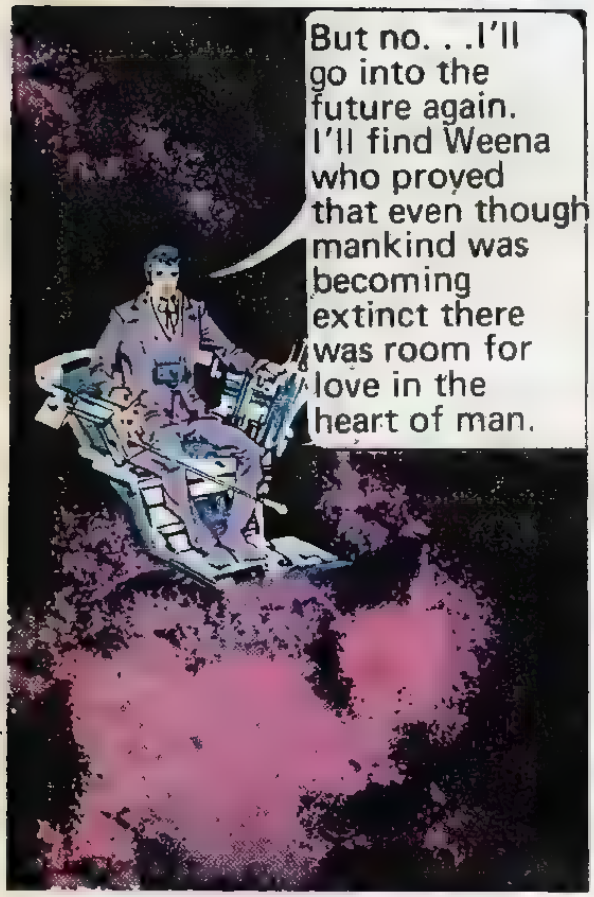
But then I drew two dying white flowers from my pocket and put them on the table.



* a kind of plant

They say life is a dream, a poor dream at times. . .I went back to my workshop after my guests left.


Yes, I'm going on another time trip. Where? I don't know. Perhaps into the past, among the hairy savages of the Stone Age. . .or among the ugly lizards of the reptile age. . .or beside one of the lonely salt lakes of the Triassic Age.


But no. . .I'll go into the future again. I'll find Weena who proved that even though mankind was becoming extinct there was room for love in the heart of man.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Herbert George Wells was born in Kent, England in 1866. At an early age, he developed an interest in science, particularly biology. He had planned to teach biology, but developed tuberculosis so he began to write instead.

Wells's scientific background enhanced this science fiction, making it almost believable. *The Time Machine* is one of his best science fiction works. Others are *The War of the Worlds, The Shape of Things to Come,* and *The First Man on the Moon.*

Wells also wrote realistic fiction and textbooks. He encompassed his lower middle class background in *History of Mr. Polly, Kipps,* and *Tono-Bungay.* His textbooks were *Science of Life* and *Outline of History.*

Wells reputedly had innate faith in human beings. He seems to favor man as he knew him rather than man as he discovered him in *The Time Machine.* Neither the Morlocks or the Eloi are improvements on man as we know him.

Wells raises some interesting questions about time in *The Time Machine.* His themes continue to intrigue the reader long after he has read the book.

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And now, I was afraid not of Morlocks attacking me but in being run down by a mob of frightened creatures running from the fire. Morlocks kept running into me, and I had to use my club to clear the way as I too ran from the fire behind us.

Though the fire could destroy the Morlocks, it also meant danger for me. And when I could not find Weena, I had to keep running to save myself from death by fire.

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